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of *EDWARD* the
Second, KING of
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Together with the Downefall of
the two Vnfortunate Fauorits,
GAVESTONE and
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Storied in an Excellent
Poëm. by
Shakespear.

LONDON:

Printed for Roger Michell. 1688.

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(1)



THE
DEPLORABLE
Life and Death, of *Edward*
the Second, KING of
ENGLAND.

1

Sing thy sad disaster, (*fatall King*)
Carnarvan Edward, second of that name :
Thy Minions pride ; thy State ill managing,
Thy Peeres revolt, the sequell of the same :
Thy Life, thy Death I sing, thy *sinne*, thy *shame* ;
And how thou wert deprived of thy *Crowne*,
In highest Fortune, cast by *Fortune* downe.

2

Did I say *Fortune* ? nay by *Folly* rather,
By vnrespect vnto the rules of State ;
For let a Prince assure himselfe to gather,
As he hath planted, either *Loue* or *Hate*,
Contempt or *Duty* ; not the workes of *Fate* ;
Muchlesse of *Fortune*, but of due respects
Two causes, which must needes produce, effects.

A 3

As

3
 As if a Prince doe lay his platforme right,
 And then with courage prosecutes the same;
 His ends prooue happy; but, by ouer-sight,
 He that is weake, wholly subuerts the frame
 Of his owne building, and doth idly blame
Fortune, which wise men make to wait on them;
 But for a way-ward Mistrisse, fooles condemne.

4
 In which Discourse, if I shall hap to touch
 Those faults, that in our time are frequent growne,
 Let not the gauld offender winch or grudge,
 For I intend a priuate wrong to none:
 Only I would haue those same errors knowne,
 By which the *State*, did then to ruine runne,
 That (warn'd by theirs) our age like sins might shun.

5
 Nor do I meane to bound my selfe so much,
 As only for to tye me to those times:
 The causes, courses, consequens i'lle touch
 Of latter ages, and of their designes;
 And if detractions breath, do blast my lines,
 To guard me, I haue for my defence,
 The priuy coate of harmlesse innocence.

6
 And thou (*great King*) that now dost weild our *State*,
 Building on that, which former times did square,
 Oh let it not be thought to derogate
 From thy perfections, (which are knowne so rare,)
 If I some errors of these times declare:
 Since neuer *State* was precisely good,
 But faults haue scap'd, which could not be withstood.

For

(7)

7

For *men* are not like *God*, compleate *Diuine*,
Whom neuer *passions* mooue, nor *errors* blinde;
Who is not limited with any time,
Nor ty'd to meanes, nor into place confinde;
But (free in all,) no counter-checke doth finde,
But worketh all in all, and nothing ill
To contradict the least part of his will.

8

Whereas our humane actions are all mixt;
Men liue in motion, so do their designs,
Nothing is simply good, or firmly fixt;
All haue defects, nature it selfe declines:
Darknesse oft cloudes the cleereſt Sunne that shines.
Our pureſt ſtreames are not without their mud.
And we miſtake what oft we take for good.

9

Besides, Kings needes must be with others eyes,
From whence mistaking cannot chuse but spring,
And when th'offence from errors doth arise,
Why should men cast the enuy on the King,
And not on those that mis-informe the thing?
This is the gall most banes the Kingly Throne,
That, of his faults, the least part is his owne.

10

For he himselfe is blamelesse oft, (God knowes)
Except it be, because he doth not know
The noted scandals, that arise from those,
On whom he doth his fauours most bestow,
Which they abusing, discontents may grow
Against the Prince, though not deseruing them:
So apt we are, euen goodnesse to condemne.

A 4

Nor

11

Nor must we with a coale, straight marke or brand
 A Prince or State, because of some defect:
 Who can be free from Sulley (ist so stand?)
 But that same Prince or State deserves respect,
 Whose actions doth in generall effect,
 And ayme at good; for in particulars,
 None can be so compleate, but often erre.

12

And they are much deceiu'd that thinke to finde,
 A State without a blemish, or a staine,
 Conceit may cast Ideas in the mind,
 And forge strange formes (not practic'd in the braine.)
 But States consist of men, and men retaine
 This native badge (which vnto all doth cleave)
 That is, to be deceiu'd, and to deceiue.

13

The warlike Trumpet (sounding to the fight,)
 Commands the hearing more, then doth the reed,
 Each eye is fixed on the Eagles flight,
 When little Wrens deserues not any heed;
 The greatest men shall haue the greatest meed:
 Marke who so list, and they shall find it true,
 That all mens eares to Princes tongues are true.

14

Then let the World attend King *Edward's* words;
 The second *Edward* (matter fit for moane,) (Twords
 Whose smiles gaue life, whose frownes did wound like
 Whilst he did sit vpon the Kingly Throne,
 Not minded now nor moan'd by any one,
 So time cuts downe (we see) with fatall blow,
 As well proud Oakes, as humble shrubs below.

Imagine

15

Imagine with your selues, you see him come,
 From forth the deepe darke cauerns of the earth,
 Starued and pin'd, nothing but skin and bone,
 In Princely plenty, suffering want and dearth,
 As naked as an infant at his birth :

So pinching need doth plucke, what pride doth plant,
 And wastfull ryot, is repaid with want.

16

And thus poore Princee begins his Tragick plaint ;
 Am I the same that was first *Edwards Sonne*,
 By nature borne to liue without restraint ?
 Were there for me so many Trophies wonne,
 By *Long-shankes* ? and such great atchiuements done ?
 I am the same, and he so great did leaue me,
 As none (I thought) of greatnesse could bercaue me.

17

But now I find by prooffe, that one there is,
 (And well it is, that there is such a one,)
 Who is not hood-winekt vnto our amisse,
 That can vs pull from off our Kingly Throne,
 For all our Guards, our Forts, our Wals of Stone,
 Know King, how great so'ere thy power be,
 The King of Kings still ruleth ouer thee.

18

I know that nature, (apt to ouer-weene)
 May easily straine a Princes thoughts too high :
 I know it is, and euermore hath beene,
 A common course to flattet Maiesty,
 Greatnesse is apt to swim in Surcudrie;
 Yet though like hils we ouer-looke low grounds,
 All vertuous Kings confesse they haue their bounds.

And

19

And therefore though we haue *Prerogatives*,
 Yet there are certaine limits to the same,
 Which hinder Kings to be *Superlatiues*,
 To sway (as Gods Lieutenants) this faire frame;
 And those *Aspirers* merit Death and shame,
 That do repine against those Supream powers,
 Whom God hath made his vnderlings, not ours.

20

And yet, although their State be free from force,
 That giues not Lawlesse liberty in all:
 Kings must obserue a iust and rightfull course:
 God is their King, by whom they stand, or fall,
 And euery *Act*, vnto account will call:
 Their oath, their vertue, and their owne renowne,
 Are Dyamantine chaines to tye a Crowne.

21

And such as are not mou'd with those respects,
 But make their might, to serue their will in all:
 Leauethem to God, who ruines and erects,
 Sets vp a *Dauid*, and pulsdowne a *Saul*:
 Who as his smile doth raise, his frowne makes fall.
 'Tis not discents, nor swords, nor force, nor fate,
 But God supports, and God supplants a State.

22

Nine Kings had ruled since the Conquest here,
 Whom I succeeded in a rightfull line:
 My father, (all domesticke tumults cleare)
 Did warre, and winne in fruitfull *Palestine*;
 This Northerne Sunne, euen to the East did shine:
 The *Frensh* were fearefull, hearing but his Name,
Frensh, *Scots*, and *Turkes*, eternized his fame.

No

23

No *Realme* but did resound my *Fathers* praise,
 No praise was euer wonne with more deserts;
 And no deserts (though great) could counter-paise,
 Muchlesse out ballance, his Heroicke parts:
Mars taught him *Armes*; the *Muses* taught his *Artes*,
 Whereby so great he grew, that might there be
 A *Ioue* on earth, that earthly *Ioue* was he.

24

A *King* may leaue his name vnto his *Sonne*,
 But to his *Sonne* no *King* can leaue his Nature:
 In outward forme and shape, they may seeme one,
 His Posture, Speech, both Countenance and Feature,
 May make the *Son* be thought the selfe same Creature;
 I know in Face, *Sonnes* may be like the *Sires*,
 But faces like, haue oft vnlike desires.

25

For why our bodies made of Humane seede,
 Resemble them, whose matter was their making,
 Yea so farre forth, as often times we read
 Of many griefes hereditary, taking
 First roote from Parents loynes, and not forsaking
 Their issues issue, vntill many ages;
 To wofull masters most vnwelcome Pages.

26

But minds, not cast in any mortall mould,
 Infus'd from Heauen, not ride vnto succession,
 Are freely left (for so the *Maker* would)
 Vnto his wise, and prouident discretion,
 Like softned waxe, apt to receiue impression,
 But when the forme is once imprinted in,
 That's hardly lost, which Nature first did win.

Tis

27

'Tis somewhat to be borne of Noble seede,
 An honest belly beares a hopefull sonne;
 But yet (we see) good Parents often breed
 A wild and naked issue, which doe runne
 Most thriftlesse courses, till their liues be done:
 "As was the Sire, the sonne himselfe will fashion,
 "Is probable, but yet no demonstration.

28

Which is but truely instanced in mee,
 For I was farre vnlike my worthy Sire:
 A sowre Crab from sweetest Apple-trees:
 A cloudy smoake, from Sunne-bright shining fire,
 And that small good which nature did inspire
 By soothing tongues too soone was turn'd to ill,
 So smallest Frost vntrimely first doth kill.

29

For when men did perceiue my youthfull itch
 To vaine delight, and saw my minde affected
 But to the flight, where pleasure made the pitch:
 How all my noble studies were neglected,
 My youth with ease, my ease with lust infected.
 Straight some sow'd pillowes vnderneath my sin,
 And prais'd that most, that I delighted in.

30

Amongst the rest, one Pierce of Gamestons,
 (French by his Birth, and French by his behaviour,
 (One that indeed was second vnto none,)
 In winding in himselfe to great mens fauour,
 That by their hazard he might be the safer,)|
 When he did spie the marke whereat I meant,
 Straight found the meanes to giue my bow more bent.

We

31

We liu'd together from our prime of yeares,
 Where with our ioynt affections were combin'd,
 "The mutuall consort of our infant pheares,
 "Doth keep a long possession of the minde,
 "And many deepe impressions leaues behind:
 Wouldst thou haue loue last euen to the tombe,
 Then let it take beginning at the Wombe.

32

So hunts the *Hound*, and so the *Hawke* doth flye,
 As at first entrance they are made and man'd;
 And so those springing humors seldome dye,
 That in our first conceit ingraued stand,
 Though childish loue seeme to be built on sand;
 Yet each man in himselfe this truth may proue,
 To like that still, which he at first did loue.

33

(Princes,) that do intend your Heires such good,
 As shall inable them for to succeed,
 And no way to disparage their high blood:
 Oh, let it be your most respectiue heed,
 To sow their tender yeares with virtues seed;
 For so the well, or ill manured field
 As it is tild, doth Corne, or Cockle yeild.

34

In-ure their youth vnto their Peeres commerce,
 From whence some seeds of liking first will grow,
 These euen the soule it selfe in time will pierce,
 And prooue a constant zeale, from whence will flow
 All dutious offices, that men may shew.

For then designes of Princes happiest proue,
 When their great Peeres do serue, because they loue.

Besides

35

Besides, there is a secret trust repos'd
 In those, whom long assurance hath combin'd,
 And when we know how humors are dispos'd,
 We frame our Counsell fitter to the mind,
 Vnsounded natures sharpest iudgements blind;
 And those we intertaine with difference,
 Of whom we haue but small experience.

36

So that to winne a trust, to plant a loue,
 To gaine a settled seruice of the Peeres:
 This is the way which wisest Princes proue,
 To glew them close euen in their infant yeares;
 And here my Fathers error much appeares,
 Who did ingraft me into *Gauestone*,
 By co-uniting both our loues in one.

37

He was in face a *Cupid*, or more faire;
 A *Mercury* in speech, or else as much;
 In aetive vigor, he was *Mars* his heire:
 In wit *Ioue* bred; *Minerva* was not such;
 But all these guilts will not abide the touch,
 Except with inward virtues of the mind,
 Beauty, and Speech, Strength, Wit, are all refin'd.

38

Why then should *Nature* set so faire a glosse,
 Vpon a mind, that sinne doth so deforme?
 Why should she *gild*, and *polish* such base drosse,
 As if she did the *Soules* perfection scorne,
 And only would impiety adorne?
 Or else seduce those minds from iudging right,
 Who do conforme their censure to their sight.

39

But oft we see a sweete and milde aspect,
 A comely presence pleasing vnto all,
 A Face that seemes all virtue to affect,
 Doth hide a heart of stone, a mind of gall,
 A crabbed will, a soule to sinne most thrall;
 He therefore, in his iudgement shoots awry,
 That daily takes his leuell from the eye.

40

Because the glorious inside of the minde,
 Hath no dependance on the outward forme:
 In which, if erring nature prooue vnkinde,
 And disproportions do the shape deform:
 She commonly in deauours to reforme:
 The bodies errors, with the mindes supply;
 So richest lems, in earths base intrayles lye.

41

The face is false, the looke is but a lyer:
 The habit and the heart do much dissent,
 For good pretences cloake a bad desire;
 Faire complements do guild a false intent,
 Who doth relye on them, may chance repent.
 This was my case, and caus'd my ouer-throw
 Because I priz'd the substance by the show.

42

If I may vse that word without controule,
 If euer any *Meremsuchosis* was,
 I thinke the last *Assirian* Monarchs soule,
 By due descent to *Gaueson* did passe,
 For he a right *Sardanapalus* was,
 Drown'd in delights, (if one may terme them so.)
 That hatch in lust, and breath their last in woe.

That

43

This highest Scholler in the Schoole of Sinne;
 This *Centaur* halfe a Man, and halfe a Beast;
 This pleasing *Siren*, so my soule did winne;
 That he was deere to me aboue the rest,
 Looke what he sayd, was Gospell at the least:
 Looke what he did, I made my *president*
 So soone we learne, what we too late repent,

44

This *Angel* Diuall, thus thrin'd in my heart:
 This *Dragon* hauing got the golden Bruiſe,
 My very Soule to him I did impart;
 Nor was I euer deafe vnto his suite,
 He acted all, I was a silent mute.
 My being seem'd to be in him alone,
 Plans aginst was run'd to *Guastone*.

45

And hauing seized me into his hands,
 (For feare belike that he should be discern'd)
 He thought to tye me still in straighter bandes,
 By praying that where with my minde was pleas'd,
 Affirming that our liues were to be eas'd
 Of many cumbers, which the curious wife
 Had layd on men, the more to *Tyrannize*:

46

For what are Lawes but seruile obseruations,
 Of this, or that, what pleas'd the makers mind,
 The selfe-conceited fownte imaginations,
 Of working braines, which did in freedome finde
 Our humane State, which they (forsooth) would binde
 To what they like, what likes not was forbidden:
 So Horse and Mule with bit and spur are ridden.

Wh

47

Which well-invented *Scar-crowes* though they serue,
 For mud-borne men to keepe them in some awe;
 Yet *Princes* are not borne, so to obserue:
 The strict precisenesse of th' incombining *Law*,
 Which their high *State* to base contempt doth draw:
Kings made those *Lawes*, & *Kings* may break them now,
 That pleas'd them then, and this now pleaseth you.

48

No, no (sweet *Prince*) saith he; there is no *Law*
 Can bind a *King*, but onely his desire;
 And that full well th' *Affirian* Monarchs saw,
 Who had, before them, borne consuming fire,
 (Th' Emblem of Regall power) which all admire:
 But none must touch, for feare of following harmes,
 For fire we know consumes as well as warmes.

49

The *Spiders* web holds fast the silly *Flye*,
 The *Hornet* breakes it, (like a mighty *Lord*),
 That *King of Kings*, when he could not vny,
 The *Gordian* knot, diuides it with his *Sword*;
 That act of his, fit matter doth afford
 For *President*: wee I, as thou shalt be,
 I'de rule the *Law*, it should not gouerne me.

50

Except it were the golden *Law* of Nature,
 Sweet Nature, (that sweet mother of vs all,)
 Which hath insus'd thus much to euery Creature,
 To loue the Honey, and to loath the Gall:
 To serue delight, not to be sorrowes thrall;
 For pleasure doth with Nature so agree,
 As Bees with Hine, as Honey with the Bee.

B

For

51

For in the *Prologue* of our Infant play,
 Euen in our *Cradle*, we doe cry and yell
 For *Nurses* brest : why so? for food (y'ould say,)
 Tis true, and food (say I) doth please vs well,
 As hunger seemes to be a second Hell :
 So that in *truth*, the moriue of our cry
 Is to be fed, and to be pleas'd thereby.

52

As in our *Prologue*, so in our next Act,
 (I meane in childish yeares) who doth not see,
 That euery thought of ours, and word, and fact,
 Do ayme at sport, at pastime, and at glee
 Which daily cares, and mighty studies be :
 Witnesse the checke, the rods, the blowes we take,
 The many blowes, and all for pleasures sake.

53

But when our *Youth* doth step vpon the *Stage*,
 The sweetest part that any man can play ;
 Then pleasing loue, and hope (loues pleasing page)
 And courage, hopes attendant night and day,
 And *Fortune*, seldome saying courage may,
 With full sail'd course doth carry vs amaine,
 To seeke the course where full content doth raigne.

54

Not staying here, still Nature driues vs on
 To new delights, but of a diuers kind,
 For middle age to armes will needs be gon,
 With honors sweet, to feed his hungry mind,
 And what is honor but a pleasing wind :
 Remember what the famous *Grecian* sayes,
 The sweetest *musick* is a mans owne praise.

Ne

55

Next, elder age, and siluer-seeming haire,
 By Nature run full chase still after pleasure,
 (Oh) the sweet solace of the waining yeares,
 To view their *ruddocks*, and their heaps of treasure,
 To weigh and tell their *gold* at euery leasure!
 For bitt'rer 'tis, (speak they, that rather choose)
Gold should lose them, then they their *gold* should lose.

56

The *Epilogue* of all our former time,
 More hunts for ioy, then any of the rest,
 Decrepit age doth pray before the prime,
 With fearfull eyes, and knocks vpon the brest,
 And giues his *Almes* to them that are distrest:
 And what's his end? that he might *Heauen* obtaine:
 And what is *Heauen*? a pleasure void of paine.

57

And as the mind hath motions to effect,
 So haue we meanes to satisfie the mind,
 Our little world is made with much respect,
 Our mother Nature, hath beene wise and kind
 By whom we haue apt *Organes* vs assign'd,
 To execute what so our thoughts intend,
 And all our thoughts ayme at some pleasing end.

58

Is not the *Head* the *Store-house* of conceit,
 Plotting the meanes to compasse our delight?
 Our *Eyes* attendants that doe daily wait
 Vpon such objects as may please our sight?
 Witnesse the *Cherry-cheeke*, and *Brow milke-white*:
 Witnesse no other witnesse but my wish,
 How *Sight* and *Soule* both like, and longs for this.

B 2

What

59

What mind, what man, what man of any mind
 That is not touch'd and mou'd, with musicks sound?
 Whose deepe impressions worke in brutish kind,
 As *Dolphins*, else *Arion* had beene drown'd;
 The saluage *Beasts* that would not *Orpheus* wound;
 The senselesse stones, whom *Phæbus* Harpe did moue,
 Doe witnesse all, how all doe Musicke loue.

60

The bubling murmure of a sliding *Spring*,
 That seemes to runne with sweet, yet sullen mind,
 By which the winged *Quiers* in Consort sing
 With faire fac't *Eunuches*, *Cherpres* of their kind,
 Whose Notes are answered with a soft still wind;
 Whilst some desired Dame, cheares all with kisses,
 Who would not hold that place a Heauen of blisses?

61

As Head, and Eyes, and Eares, so are our Hands,
 Flesh-hooks to draw, and gather all vnto vs,
 That with our pleasure, and our profit stands,
 Thrusting aside what euer may vndoe vs,
 For which employments are allotted to vs
 Two *Hands*, two *Feet*, the agents of our wills,
 To follow, rest, and flye from restless ill.

62

So likewise, in the structure of this *Frame*,
 What is not made for pleasure, with much art?
 And in the daily guidance of the same,
 What is deny'd vs that may please the Heart?
 Most senselesse man, what man soe're thou art,
 That in the very fulnesse of such store,
 By wilfull wants, wilt make thy selfe most poore.

63

In heat of *Summer*, when the burning *Sunne*
 Doth crust the earth, are there not shady bowers?
 Are there not *Rivers* that doe mildly run;
 And now and then some cooling dewy showers,
 To keepe the beauty of the blooming flowers,
 Wherewith our mother Earth's so fairely dight,
 That she allures her Children to delight.

64

I will not speake of euery dayes delight,
 They are so various, full of rarities;
 But are there not sweet pleasures for the night?
 Maskes, Reuels, Banquets, mirthfull Comedies,
 Night Songs, euen Natures dearest prodigies,
 Which worke in men with powerfull influence,
 As hauing their first life, best motion thence.

65

If then the mouer of this glorious round,
 Hath wisely fitted each thing so to pleasure:
 May he not seeme his order to confound,
 That barres himselfe from this same earthly treasure?
 And to delight doth limit sparing measure?
 Is't euer like, he would haue made things thus,
 But that they should be fully vs'd by vs?

66

And that I may not run about the *Field*,
 But keepe my selfe in compasse of the *Ring*,
 I will omit the rich and fruitfull yeeld
 Of pleasure, pointing only at the *Spring*,
 The taste whereof such perfect blisse doth bring,
 As I doe thinke none other *Heauen* there is:
 (*Heauen* pardon me, if that I thinke amisse.)

B 3

This

(12)

67

This is (*sweet Ned*) the Paradise of loue,
The ioy of life, and life of our conceit,
The heavenly fire infused from aboue,
On which the *Muses*, and the *Graces* wait,
The bodies health, soules hope, and Natures bait,
The quintessence of pure essentiall sweet,
The point where all the lines of pleasure meet.

68

Sweet loue, that hast sweet beaurty for thy object,
Wise loue, that dost conuert both soules and hearts :
Great loue, to whom the greatest Kings are subiect :
Pure loue, that sublimates our earthly parts,
And makes them ayery by ingenious arts :
Oh, let my *Ned*, my *Prince*, my *Joue* possesse
The ioyes, I would, but cannot well expresse.

69

And thou, sweet *Ned*, experience but the pleasure,
Try what it is to loue, and be reputed,
And I will pawne my life (my greatest treasure)
With one sweet night, thou wilt be so delighted,
That thou wilt with the world were still benighted :
Then say (*deare Prince*) when thou the same dost proue
No Heauen but ioy, nor any ioy but loue.

70

Oh see the fruits of ill abused wits,
What hurt is wrought by arm'd impiety :
Thrice wretched soules, that ill with art commit,
And surfet with the sweet satiety
Of *Graces*, giuen them by the Deity :
Were all such minds brought vp to Plough and Cart,
Learning should haue its due, they their desert.

I see

71

I see the rule holds true, the best of all
 Being corrupted, turnes vnto the worst;
 And so those damned spirits, before their fall
 Most blessed, (chang'd from what they were at first)
 Are now most wretched, vile, and most accurst:

" Look what degree of goodnesse things retaine,
 " Whilst they are good, being ill, they so remaine.

72

With such and many more, more wanton glozes,
 (Whereat my virgin *Muse* will blush for shame,)
 With vnchaste words, and Pander-like supposes,
 This *Gauestone* so brought me out of frame,
 That I neglected *Father*, *Friends*, and *Fame*:
 And to those pleasures only was respectiue,
 That to my *Fancy* seemed most delectiue.

73

We see how soone our sweetest Buds are blasted:
 How soone our fairest colours lose their flourish:
 How easly are the seeds of vertue wasted,
 And noylome weeds of vice how much we nourish,
 Which doe the soule of her chiefe wealth impouerish:
 " Youth (apt to stray) is easly led awry,
 " We fall by Nature, what needs flattery?

74

And yet it hath too much to worke vpon;
 The vnexperience of our yonger yeares,
 The heat of blood, which easly drawes vs on:
 Vngrounded hopes, and fond surmised feares,
 The courses entertain'd by like compeeres:
 Our owne desert, our *Parents* louing care;
 This Deuill doth vse as traps vnto his snare.

B 4

And

I see

75

And soone it will the least aduantage finde,
 Whereby it may creepe into mens conceit,
 Obseruing first to what they are inclin'd,
 Which once perceiu'd it fits the humor straight,
 Still keeping fashion, but still wanting waight:
 In complements most seemingly precise,
 And that faire Maske, blinds vn suspecting eyes.

76

But like as those diseases faster grow,
 Whose mouing causes our complexions feed;
 So farre more dangerous is this priuate Foe,
 That doth attire himselfe in friendships weed,
 Then he that shewes his hate by open deck,
 For *Armes*, or *Lanes*, or *Friends*, may fence the one,
 Th'other God himselfe must shield, or none.

77

So *Synon* did tye *Troian* State confound:
 So gilded *Tombes* are full of rotten earth:
 So *Crocodiles*, although they weepe, they wound:
 So *Panthers* circumuent with their sweet breath:
 So *Syrens* though they sing, their tunes are death;
 And yet as *Fish* bite most at hony baits,
 Euen so are men most caught with sweet deceits.

78

Therefore he pleat'd to heare a plaine Discourse;
 Suspect the tongue that's still tun'd to the eare;
 Faire *Truth* is not for nakednesse the worse;
 But falshood many ornaments must weare,
 Lest all her foule deformities appeare,
 Which *Art* can flourish ouer, fit for *Court*,
 While simple *Truth* to *Deserts* doth resort.

And

And this is that vast Sea of misery,
 In which the greatest Monarchs most are drown'd,
 That they are seldome free from flattery;
 Pretences being colourably found
 To sooth that humour which doth most abound:
 And so the *Prince* runnes on from ill to worse,
 And still's perswaded best of his bad course.

Whereby the danger on himselfe doth fall,
 The gaine vnto the *Favorite* accrewes;
 For the grieu'd Subiect being wrong'd withall,
 Forgetting duty, impiously pursues
 Meanes of reuenge, whence danger oft insues.
 Meane while the man, that fed the humour so,
 Falls off perhaps; and scapes the common blow.

Therefore let *Kings* preferre them that are plaine,
 And make such great, as doe not greatnesse feare:
 Such serue their Lords for loue, and not for gaine,
 Th'are iewels of the heart, not of the eare,
 They will discouer dangers that are neare;
 When oyled Tongues will still make all secure;
 " And, carelesse greatnesse euer stands vnure.

But why should I giue rules, sith I kept none?
 Why should I teach, and neuer could obey?
 For this (why) onely I was ouerthrowne?
 Others may looke lest they be cast away;
 And they that make this vse, thrice happy they:
 Because by others wrackes themselves may reade,
 How to prevent their owne mishaps with heed.

83

Sooth'd thus in sinne, all goodnesse was forgotten,
 My *Fathers* words of no esteeme were growne :
 And I that scarce seem'd ripe, was straight found rotten :
 Like fruit that from the tree's vntimely blowne :
 But that tooke root, which *Gauestone* had sowne,
 And sprouted so, that it did seed at last.
 So worthlesse seeds we see do grow too fast.

84

For at the first I was asham'd of sinne,
 But sinne did say, my greatest sin was shame ;
 Then by degrees I did delight therein :
 And from delight did I desire the same,
 And my desires so prosp'rously did frame,
 That now I could with *Gauestone* conuiue,
 So doth the *Bramble* with the *Thistle* thriue.

85

Which when mine aged *Father* did perceiue,
 With many teares (the messengers of moane)
 He did bewaile himselfe, that he should leaue
 His *Crowne* to me, and me to *Gauestone* :
 I in my *Sonne* (saith he) am overthrowne ;
 My blisse, my bane ; my peace procures my strife,
 First *Edward* dyes, in *Second Edwards* life.

86

To be a *Father* was mine onely ioy ;
 And now my grieve it is to be a *Father* ;
 Why should my solace turne to mine annoy ?
 Why planted I *Hearts-ease*, and *Rue* must gather ?
 As I did sow, I should haue reaped rather :
 My hopefull *Haruest* proues but *Thistles* weeds,
 And for the blood I gaue, my heart now bleeds.

For

(27)

87

For (oh) how neere a touch doth Nature give?
How searching are the sufferings of our blood?
How much the *Fathers* soule doth ioy or grieue,
When he doth see his issue bad or good,
It's hard of any to be vnderstood,
Except of those whose feeling bowels find,
What deep impressions doe proceed from kind.

88

Wise was the *Prince*, who playing with his *Sonne*,
And teaching him to ride vpon a *Reede*:
To whom a great *Ambassador* did come,
And seem'd to blush at his so childish deed;
Doe not (quoth he) to iudgement yet proceed:
I onely craue a respite of thy doome,
Till thou thy selfe art *Father* of a *Sonne*.

89

Inferring, that there is a secret loue,
Which vntoucht hearts can hardly comprehend;
Would God the same reciprocall might proue:
Oh that kind Nature would sometimes ascend;
Fathers too oft in indulgence offend:
But *Sonnes* more oft in duty proue defectiue,
These wayward times are growne so vnrespectiue.

90

Nature so wrought, that *Cressus* son cried out,
Who from his birth before had not spoke word;
When he did see a *Souldier* goe about
To kill the *King* his *Father* with a sword:
Could Nature then such presidents afford?
Was she so powerfull then, now weakned so,
That *Sonnes* themselves now worke their *Fathers* woe?

For

But

91

But foolish man, why doe I blame my Sonne,
 Whose yet vnknowing yeares, by ill aduice
 Being led away, a dangerous course doth run?
 For youths hot blood forgets cold ages ice,
 And whilst his hand is in doth throw the Dice
 At all that pleasure sets, and thinks to gaine,
 If with the bye he can discharge the maine.

92

(Sweet Ned) I blame not thee but *Gamestone*,
 For he it is that sitteth at the Helme,
 And steeres the Sterne at pleasure, thou art blowne:
 Nor will he leaue, till he doth ouerwhelme
 In deepest gulfe thy selfe and all thy Realme;
 " For stirring spirits do troubled streames desire,
 " And then thrive best, when all is set on fire.

93

Obserue those wasted *States* that doe decline,
 How apt they are for innouation,
 How much they doe 'gainst publicke good repine,
 And hopefully expect an alteration,
 That whilst things are vnsetled out of fashion,
 They may close vp the wounds they had before,
 And by that meanes their priuate wants restore.

94

Therefore let those that haue a grounded *State*
 And may liue well, ioyne close in any wise,
 Against all such as seeke to innouate,
 If not in duty, yet in good aduice,
 To keepe such downe, as hope perhaps to rise
 Vpon their ruines, whose reuennues may
 Cut short their lines, and proue the spoylers prey.

For

95

For with these, linke such spirits as would rise,
 But are by former great ones still suppress,
 And such doe dangerous Stratagems deuise,
 Nor will their egar hopes afford them rest,
 But mount they must, who euer be deprest,
 And little doe they force the *States* confusion,
 So they thereby to greatnesse make intrusion.

96

And to this end they are obsequious still,
 They sooth, they fawne, they seeme officious:
 They fit themselues to their great mouers will,
 Be't good or bad, iust, or iniurious,
 They serue euen turnes, base, and luxurious:
 But I'le prouide a wholesome Methridate,
 So to preuent these poisons of the *State*.

97

And firmly settled in this resolution
 By strict command was *Gauestone* exil'd;
 I begg'd of him to stop this execution:
 But then my *Father* shak'd his head, and smil'd,
 Oh *Ned* (quoth he) how much art thou beguil'd,
 To foster that, which will thy downfall be;
 And warme the *Snake* that will inuename thee.

98

I wisht my selfe an *Eccbo* at that word,
 That I might then haue boldly answer'd thee;
 For neuer was there sharpest edged sword,
 That wounded more, then that same wounded me;
 But goe he must, that was the *Kings* decree,
 And when he went, then dy'd my bloudlesse heart;
 So doth the body from my soule depart.

Then

For

99

The former times haue held it good aduice,
 That some offender should abiure the *Land*,
 But 'tis a course both dangerous and unwise,
 And with no rules of Regiment can stand ;
 For if the matter be with iudgement scann'd,
 It will appeare to men considerate,
 That abjuration hurts both *Prince* and *State*.

100

I doe not meane of men that are not mist,
 (For who respects the humming of a *Gnat* ?)
 Such *Atomes* may wander where they list,
 Their muddy pates can neither frame the plat,
 Nor feeble hands worke danger to the *State*.
 Let men of note be mark'd, and wary heed
 Behad of them that may disturbance breed.

101

And 'tis not safe to banish such a one,
 As may find meanes to worke his owne returne :
 So *Bullingbrooke* flect in to *Richards* throne,
 And he had leisure afterwards to mourne *Henry. 4.*
 His foolish fault, such Med'cines may adiourne
 The present paine a while ; but makes the sore
 To raue more felly then it did before.

102

Milde drugs may stir the humors that abound,
 But will not quite expell the growing ill ;
 The root and body both remaining sound,
 Although the *Tree* be lepr, yet thrives it still,
 But when thou hast the *Axe* to vse at will,
 Strike at the root, and fell it to the ground,
 Rather then pare the boughes and branches round.

For

103

For 'tis lost labour to begin with them,
 They needs must wither, if the other dye;
 And doe not feare, though vulgar breath condemne
 Thy cariage, in such courses; whose weake eye
 Lookes at the present only, and thereby
 Values the rest; doe thou make good thy end,
 The common sort will euer be thy friend.

104

Wise *Longshankes* (yet in this thou wert vnwise)
 If thou hadst tooke the head of *Gauestone*:
 Those subsequent disasters that did rise
 From him, had beene preuented euery one:
 Thy *Sonne* had not beene shouldred from his *Throne*;
 Thy *Peeres* not flaine, nor *Realmes* to ruine brought:
 But so *God* works, till all his will be wrought,

105

My *Gauestone* thus driuen into exile,
 My selfe committed like a Captiue thrall:
 (For so my *Father* kept me short a while)
 With bitter curses I did ban them all:
 I dranke my teares, and fed vpon my gall:
 I chaf'd and frownd, yet could I not preuaile,
 Needs must, will be, faine would, doth often faile.

106

Then were my colours turn'd to mournfull black,
 I did put on the livery then of care,
 Like to the hopelesse Sea-man in a wracke,
 That sees the greedy wanes deuoure his share:
 No otherwise did thoughtfull *Edward* fare,
 When sad remembrance in my soule did plant
 His lot, my losse, his woe, my pleasures want.

The

For

107

The chiefest Cordiall of my grieved soule,
 The one and onely period of my paine,
 Was this that Death admitting no controule,
 Would end my *Fathers* wrath, his life, his raigne,
 And then (thought I) *Ned* will haue *Pierce* againe:
 When *Englands* Crowne shall make a *Joue* of me
 Then *Gauesstone* my *Ganimed* shall be.

108

As I did hope, so had my hopes successe,
 For shortly after died my Noble Sire,
 Whilst he prepar'd the *Scots* for to suppress:
 Loe now (quoth I) I haue my hearts desire,
Longshankes is dead, his water, ayre, and fire,
 Are turn'd to earth, and earthly might he be,
 That on the earth did keepe this Crowne from me.

109

Yet in that sad dismayfull houre of dying,
 No grieve did him more feelingly distresse,
 Then that his vicious Sonne (all vertue flying)
 Should ruine that by riot and excesse,
 Which he had built with so great carefulnesse,
 And therefore for to weane me from such sinnes,
 These well tun'd Notes this dying *Swan* begins.

110

My Sonne (quoth he) (for in that name of zeale,
 My words may proue of more effectuell power)
 Why shouldst thou so with thy sicke *Father* deale,
 As to torment him in his parting houre,
 Whose life hath had his portion full of soure?
 And yet to make my measure fuller still,
 My Sonne doth daily adde vnto my ill.

I know

111

I know what 'tis by many dire extreames,
 To keepe the Crowne vpright vpon the head:
 I know the troublous sleeps, and frightfull dreames,
 That houer still about a Princely bed;
 The worme of greatnesse (iealousie) is bred
 Out of it selfe, yet this I know withall,
 Our powerfull sway doth sweeten all our gall.

112

But for thy selfe, and for my heart-breake grieve,
 That out of thy sin-ship-wrackt youth doth grow,
 No circumstance yeelds colour of reliefe;
 The cause excuselesse, limitlesse the woe,
 That doth from thy full sea of follies flow:
 " For foulest faults proceed from powerfull ill,
 " And Subiects sort themselues to Princes still.

113

Thou dost not onely by thy vicious liuing,
 Bereaue thy soule of blisse, which vertue wins,
 But also by thy ill example giuing,
 Thou dost attract weake mindes vnto like sinnes?
 For certainly the Subiect euer swims
 Iust with the streame; so (growing like to thee)
 A generall deluge of all sinne will be.

114

Much better had it beene, thou hadst not beene,
 Then that thy being, should so ruine all:
 Oh wherefore was thy birth-day euer scene,
 If by thy life, the State it selfe doth fall
 To those foule sins, which wrath from heauen doth call?
 By whose iust doome such States confounded are
 By forraine fury, or domestick warre,

115

For when the seed of sin to ripenesse growes,
 Then Iustice with a Sithe doth mow it downe:
 This, this is it that Kingdomes ouer-throwes,
 Layes waste the field, vnpeoples euery towne:
 Or if not so, disorders yet the Crowne;
 And though it proue no generall desolation,
 Yet many dangers grow by innouation.

116

When my Heauen-seeking soule shall leaue her Inne,
 And this my flesh dissolue (now cloth'd in clay)
 Then will my shame suruiue me in thy sinne,
 And Babes vnborne will ban my birth, and say
 His wretched life, gaue life to our decay;
 And (had no other ill by him bin done)
 He sinn'd too much in getting such a sonne.

117

Did I for this endure the dust and Sunne,
 Dislodg'd at mid-night, march in mid-day heat?
 Where *Turkish*, *French*, and *Scottish* trophies wonne?
 Was all my care employ'd to make thee great,
 That some might dispossesse thee of thy seat?
 " Oh then I see that greatnesse soone is gone,
 " When God drawes not the plot man builds vpon.

118

And my diuining soule doth sadly see,
 Thy ruine in thy riot (oh my Ned,) W
 When I am gone, a King then shalt thou be;
 But if thou still bee'st with thy passions led,
 Thou wilt not keepe thy Crowne vpon thy head;
 My soule now parting from the earthly cage,
 Fore-tels thee so, in her prophetick rage.

Well Sonne, I feele my faltring tongue doth faile,
 Therefore this short abridgement I doe make;
 Feare God, loue vertue, and let right preuaile,
 Shun sudden courses, Parasites forsake:
 Dis-fauour not thy Peeres, their Counsels take
 For thy desires, reuoke not *Gauesstone*,
 For he will proue the canker of thy throne.

Pursue those *Scottish* wars I haue in hand,
 And for because my soule did make a vow
 Vnto my God, to serue in holy Land,
 From which this sicknesse interdicts me now,
 Though Death disable me, effect it thou:
 Embowell me, and thither beare my heart,
 That I therein at last, may haue some part.

And you my Lords, (speaking vnto his Peeres,)
 Whose wealth and greatnesse I haue much increast,
 Be Fathers to my sonnes vntutor'd yeares,
 Loue him for me; though *Longshankes* be deceast,
 Yet let not *Gauesstones* exile be releast,
 Lest his repeale occasion ciuill strife.
 Herewith my father ends both speech and life.

Thus Death that Herald that euen Kings doth summon;
 The Pursuiuant that doth attach great Peeres:
 The City Serieant, whose arrest is common:
 The errant-Baylisfe, that a Processe beares,
 And no place bounds, but serues it in all Shires:
 The generall Surueyor of each one,
 Did bring my Father to his longest home.

123

The Obsequies and Ceremonies done,
 Then was I crown'd ; me thought the Sun did dance ;
 And that the Thames with siluer streames did runne ;
 The Stars likewise did all applaud my chance,
 That did my state vnto a Crowne aduance:
 Smile Stars, dance Sun, and Riuer run with mirth,
Carnarvan Edward is a god on earth.

124

But all the Starres to blazing Comets turn'd,
 Whose sad vprise presag'd my driery fate ;
 The Riuer seem'd as if they wept and mourn'd ;
 The Sun did neuer shine vpon my State,
 Stars, Streames, and Sun, saw me vnfortunate :
 Disasterous man, so borne, to suffer wrack,
 As is the *Æthiope* to be alwayes black.

125

Obserue the man whom Fates haue slau'd to grieffe ;
 See how the wretch that's destin'd Fortunes foe,
 Will be a rub to turne away reliefe
 Euen from himselfe, and weaue his owne wrought woe ;
 Harme after him, he after harme will goe :
 (Forspoken man) and neuer but successelesse,
 Himselfe, his hurt, and yet his hurt redresselesse.

126

Nay euen those very meanes which he shall vse
 In good discretion to prevent the clap,
 Shall be returned vnto his abuse,
 And serue for pullies of his owne mishap,
 So though he see, he shall not shun the trap ;
 And if his ruine were not ripe before,
 His owne designs shall hasten it the more.

Tb

127

The King of *Epire* fearing death at home,
 Fore-warn'd thereof by former prophetic:
 To *Italy* forthwith must needs he gone,
 So to preuent his fault by policie;
 But still he's follow'd by his destinie.
 In *Italy* he findes an *Acharon*,
 That satall flood from which he would be gone.

128

Fourth *Henry* was by some blinde Bard fore-told,
 That he should neuer dye till he had seene
Ierusalem, fourth *Henry* will be old,
Ierusalem for him shall be vnseene:
 No he shall see it, when he least doth weene,
 He sounds at prayers, and by religious men
 Is straight conuey'd vnto *Ierusalem*.

129

For so the place was call'd where he was laid,
 And shortly after dyed the noble King.
 In vaine men striue, the heauens will be obey'd,
 We may fore-know, but not preuent a thing,
 Our selues will neuer cease, till we doe bring
 Our fates to full effect, and all we do
 Shall be but lines to lead vs thereunto.

130

For first I did those Councillors remoue,
 That in my Fathers raigne had borne most sway,
 By which I did disarme me of their loue;
 To practizes and discontents made way,
 Expos'd my selfe to enuy, open lay
 To disaduantage, wanting their aduice
 Whom long imployment had made deeply wise.

131

Besides, I did the publique State some wrong,
 So to cast off those grounded Politicians,
 Who knew to gouerne by commanding long :
 Had seene, and well obseru'd mens dispositions,
 And so could tell when, where, how impositions
 Were to be rais'd, how to avoid offence,
 How to gaine men and ends, with faire pretence.

132

Who likewise knew how other Kingdomes stood,
 The concordances of each neighb'ring State :
 How Realmes best correspond for cythers good :
 How to make leagues, how to negotiate :
 When to breake off, and when t'incorporate :
 How farre remote, and neere confiners too,
 Are to be weigh'd, as they haue meanes to doe.

133

Tis not the practice of a day or twaine :
 Tis not the Schooles, or Sophisters debate :
 Tis not the foame of euery working braine :
 Tis not the start into a neighb'ring State,
 That workes men fit to beare a Kingdomes weight ;
 When men are fully made, employ them then,
 For tis an Art of Arts to gouerne men.

134

Therefore I hold it for a certaine ground,
 Which new made Princes must not violate,
 Except they will the Common-wealth confound ;
 Not to discard those men that know the State,
 Whose long experience ingenerate
 A true and perfect method to command,
 Both for the Princes good and for the Land.

Besides

135

Besides this fault, scarce settled in my State,
 I straight recall'd exiled Gauestone,
 Who by my many fauours grew so great,
 That I did seeme to him to liue alone:
 I *Alexander*, he *Sephestion*:

O no, I wrong them to vsurpe their names,
 Our loues were like, but farre vnlike their fames.

136

Here, I did violate my Fathers will,
 And all respect of duty did despise:
 To wrong the dead is sacrilegious ill,
 A clog which endlesse on the conscience lyes,
 And at the latest gaspe for vengeance cryes:
 And so the feares and doubts that lurke within
 That restless soule, that's guilty of such sinne.

137

When all the ioynts are rackt with dying paine,
 With cold dead sweat all couer'd ouer quize:
 What thorny thoughts will then distract the braine?
 How shall he dare t'approach his Fathers sight,
 Whose dying words he lately set so light?
 Hee'll feare his friends, suspect his wife efc-soone,
 And sighing thinke, they'll doe, as I haue done.

138

It is too common to betray the trust,
 That by Testators is in friends repos'd:
 But marke Gods iudgement, how seuer, how iust,
 How to the nature of the sinne dispos'd:
 Euen I my selfe, was by my sonne depos'd;
 I that infring'd my Fathers dying hest,
 Was in my life, by mine owne Sonne distrest.

Me

139

Me, that a Sire did wrong, a sonne did wrong,
 I that did shew my selfe degenerate,
 As I had sowne, so did I reape ere long,
 Such sinne it is our faith to violate :
 Oh deepest doome of all-fore-seeing Fate !
 How wisely are thy fearfull iudgements fitted,
 To punish sinne as sinne was first committed,

140

The Giants heap'd vp hills to climb the skie,
 I honors heap'd, that *Gauestone* might climbe :
 They did contend with *Ioue*, and fell thereby,
 He with my Peeres, and perisht in his prime :
 They thriu'd at first, but fell in after time,
 His Prologue sweet, but sad was his last A& :
 So fairest glasse (men say) is soonest crackt.

141

These were the honors that he did attaine,
 The Earle of *Cornwall*, and the Lord of *Man*,
 Chiefe *Secretary*, Lord great *Chamberlaine*,
 And for his wife, he *Glousters* sister wan :
 Aspiring men see how great Monarchs can
 Advance their states, whom they doe please to fauour :
 Who serues the King, doth seldome lose his labour.

142

Though Poets fictions seeme to saour much
 Of idle errors, yet they haue their sense;
 King *Midas* turn'd to gold all he did touch :
 The Morall's thus, The fauour of the Prince,
 His gracious touch may guild without offence
 The greatest wants, and make him for to soare
 A lofty pitch, that did but creepe before.

Not

143

Not all the painfull passages one spends,
 In serious contemplation of deepe arts,
 Nor any one employment so commends
 The Agent, (though a man of rarest parts)
 As when the Prince but one sweet smile imparts,
 One looke of *loue*, one eye-glance of delight
 Hath power to change dark clouds to Suns most bright.

144

The eyes of Kings are more then simple eyes,
 For they are stars that doe predominate
 Th'affaires of men, and in their influence lyes
 The good or bad of euery ones estate,
 They are the *primum mobile* of Fate:
 They whirle about their fortunes as they list,
 And as they fauour, we are curst or blest.

145

A Kings smooth brow, is the true dwelling place
 Of honor, wealth, dependencie, respect,
 And in his wrinckled fore-head liues disgrace,
 Death, exile, want, a generall neglect,
 A world of ills let that poore wretch expect
 By it; all Riuer to the Sea must runne,
 And euery light receiue light from the Sunne.

146

Let them be great whom Kings resolute to grace,
 It is a priuiledge that is their owne,
 To raise such as they please to wealth or place,
 Is truly proper to the Princely throne,
 And hath not beene denyde to any one:
Leues of France did say he spent his raigne
 In making and in marring men againe.

Some

Nor

147

Some by the Schoole, some by the Lawes do mount:
 Some by the Sword, and some by Nauigation,
 As streames haue had (though not the selfe-lame fount)
 Shall onely Kings admit a limitation,
 How high, for what desert, or of what Nation
 They shall aduance? It were a wretched thing
 On this condition to become a King.

148

To make new Creatures is the Princes due,
 And without murmur let him haue his owne:
 The danger onely is to him that's new;
 For enuy euer waites on such a one,
 Both from those men that are not so well growne;
 And from great Houses too, who straight will feare
 Lest such new stars should thrust the from their sphere.

149

For those who once haue got the highest staire,
 Will keepe them downe that mount with too much haile;
 Tis best (some say) to rise but soft and faire:
 If thou wilt gaine thy iourneyes end at last,
 Tire not thy meanes by posting ouer-fast;
 Stir like a dyall vnperceiu'd to moue,
 So shalt thou gather strength and purchase loue.

150

And therefore they that found a Family,
 Must gather wealth, and vnder their estates
 Make great pretences of humilitie:
 Ally themselues with strong Confederates,
 Serue great mens turnes, so to auoid their hates.
 For Cerberus with hony sops was pleas'd,
 And malice must with mildnesse be appeas'd.

The

151

Then let it be his worke that next succeeds,
 To raise himselfe vnto a greater height,
 Or by employments, or by martiall deeds:
 Or by vnlading some of that rich freight:
 Which he hath stor'd, perhaps with the conceit,
 Which he much better, then the first may doe,
 Whole meanes he hath, and addes his owne thereto.

152

Nor shall he finde such eager opposition:
 Time hauing worne out all his Fathers foes,
 Or else perhaps alterd their disposition,
 By gifts, by fauours, by obsequious shoves,
 Or else perchance for feare of future blowes:
 And so some few descents from higher to higher,
 The newnesse of the house will varnish faire,

153

Too sudden greatnesse ruin'd *Gauestone*,
 Whom I too much preferr'd before my Peeres,
 Who did possesse me more then any one:
 From whence grew many ielousies and feares:
 Close discontentments which at first appeares
 Of little moment, worthlesse of respect,
 But prou'd such skars as we did least expect.

154

It is the praise, and blessing of the Sunne,
 To make his heate and light both generall:
 Princes are Sunnes, and both must freely runne
 In open course, and not be seuerall
 Vnto some few, but common vnto all:
 The poorest he that breaths, this song may sing,
 We all haue int'rest in the Ayre and King.

Ther

And

155

And this too much did spread abroad my passion,
 Who like pure water should haue had no taste,
 This error did my gouernment disfashion,
 That *Gamestone* vnworthily was grac'd
 And made too great a monster, huge and vaste,
 Who in his growth be'ng vnproportionall,
 Became offensiue to himselfe and all.

156

My Seale, my Court, my Realme, was rul'd by him,
 That neither knew to rule, nor to obay,
 I car'd not though my peeres did sinke or swim,
 Nor what my other Councillors did say,
 For he did steere my compasse night and day,
 Whilst I being suncke in sinne and drown'd in lust
 Had almost wrackt the Realme with such a gust.

157

The Court, which in my Fathers life time seem'd
 A Senate house of siluer-headed Sages,
 Might now a pompous Theater be deem'd,
 Pester'd with Panders, Players, and with Pages.
 Of my ensuing fall too true presages.
 And yet in shew it seemed fairer farre :
 So Comets glister more then any starre.

158

But oh the quiet of that happy land,
 Where aged *Nestors* beare the chiefeest sway,
 Where strength of minde rules more then force of hand
 Where old men bid, and young men doe obay.
 Where ages Winter guideth youths sweet May.
 But when the foot or hand commands the head,
 The body then is many wayes mislead.

159

Let silver hayres, and long experienc'd age,
 Be sole directors of each enterprise,
 Let youth be as an Actor on the Stage,
 To execute what stayder heads devise,
 For youth is active, age discreet and wise;
 Youth is more daring, but precipitate,
 Age more judiciall, and considerate.

160

Yet should not Statesmen be too aged men,
 For euery yeare their spirits much decay,
 They earthy grow, and melancholy then,
 Heavy and dull, their edge being worne away:
 Wayward and teachy, wrangling all the day.
 Full of morosity, and (which is worse,)
 Extreemly giuen to gripe, and fill the purse.

161

Besides, we see some men are ripe betimes,
 Like summer fruit, some pleasing to the taste,
 And if those spirits in whom such vertue shines,
 May be with greatnesse and imployments grac'd,
 They come to full maturity at last.
 Men of exceeding worth (they being growne,)
 Both for their Countries good, and for their owne.

162

But to my selfe, who did neglect my Peeres,
 And onely did deuote my selfe to pleasure;
 Lou'd I? why, loue it selfe loues youthfull yeares;
 Spent I? why, Kings should not be slaues to treasure:
 Heard I not Subjects suits? I had no leisure.
 Did I forbear my Peeres conuerse? What then?
 Ioue is not ty'd to sort himselfe with men.

When

163

VWhen I was told that Scottish *Bruce* did burne
 My Northerne borders, and did waste the same,
 Then fighting I, to *Ganestone* would turne,
 And say (sweet *Pierce*) my selfe feeble fancies flame,
 I saw, I loue, I dye for such a dame :
Cupid (I feare) a *Bruce* to me will proue,
 My hold's by him, my heart is fier'd with loue.

164

VWith these, and many more fantastick toyes,
 I shifted off my Councell when they came :
 I haue not time enough to spend in ioyes ;
 VWhy should I spare one minute from the same ?
 Let them that list, by wars goe hunt for fame ;
 I value't not, giue me those pleasing warres,
 VWhere blowes are giu'n, and yet they make no scarre

165

Then when the field is to a field-bed turn'd,
 VWhen eyes like sharpest Launces pierce, yet please ;
 VWhen amorous hearts with equall flames are burn'd,
 VWhen Foes sinke downe, our furies to appease ;
 And lips on lips redouble blowes of ease,
 VWhen braue assaults are not by Death controll'd,
 In such a band, who would not be inroll'd ?

166

The Roman monster *Heliogabius* ;
 And Persian *Xerxes*, (neuer fortunate)
 Might well be thought to liue againe with vs ;
 VVe priz'd our pleasures at so high a rate,
 Which was our sad, and still successlesse fate ;
 In peace, our fault procur'd vs our decayes,
 In warres our Fortunes made vs run-awayes.

The

167

The lucklesse battells fought whilst I did raigne,
 With *Robert Bruce*, that noble English *Scot*,
 Sad monuments vnto the world remaine,
 That vicious life with Monarchies thriue not;
 For sinne and shame are ty'd with Gordians knot,
 And those designs doe proue successelesse quite,
 That are contriu'd by men, drown'd in delight.

168

Marke but the Maps of old antiquity,
 True Registers vnfalsifi'd records,
 The race of time which we call History;
 And 'twill be found, that euery age affords
 Plenty of prooffe to fortifie my words;
 Each lease, each time, doe pregnant witnesse beare,
 Who riot most, to ruine are most neare.

169

When sin did ouer-flow, the Deluge came;
 Th' *Affirians* then did lose their Monarchy,
 When their last King did liue most out of frame
 And was o're-whelm'd with sensuality:
 The *Persians* then did wracke their Empery,
 When wealth, and ease, and lust did most abound,
 Which also did the *Romane* State confound.

170

The *Danes* did first set footing in this land,
 Because Lord *Buerus* wife was rauisht here;
 The *Saxons* forces got the vpper hand,
 When *Vortiger* held *Hengests* daughter deere,
 And still our Realme to ruine hath bin neere,
 When ripened sin hath gather'd strongest head:
 So stalled Steeres, are to the Shambles led.

Thus

171

Thus *Edward* sayd, and this our age hath scene,
 Like instance of a neere consuming State :
 Neuer was *France* more deadly sicke of sinne :
 Neuer was goodnesse growne more out of date,
 Neuer did Princes more preposterate
 Their priuate liues, and publique regiment,
 And as they liu'd, so dy'd impenitent.

172

Neuer Religion seru'd for more pretences :
 Neuer were Nobles more ambitious :
 Neuer like inundations of offences :
 Neuer were Church-men lesse religious :
 Neuer were Commons more seditious :
 Such plotting counter-plotting policies,
 Such Massacres, such barbarous cruelties :

173

Such impious courses, such impunity :
 Neuer was scene lesse blushing, and more shame :
 Neuer had sinne so great immunity :
 Neuer was all so strangely out of frame,
 As in these later times, till the fiery flame
 Of ciuill fury, and of *Forraine* foe,
 Did make poore *France* the Stage of tragick woe.

174

And without doubt, had not the Man of men,
 The mighty *Atlas* of that sinking State,
 Bin rais'd by God, to giue new life ; euen then, *Hen.*
 That famous Kingdome of so ancient date,
 By home ambition, and by *Forraine* hate,
 Had breath'd her last, being sin-sicke vnto death,
 And much adoe there was to giue her breath.

175

For still the eye of wrath doth ouer-look,
 The wicked actions of obdurate men :
 The Court of Heauen doth keepe a tallying booke,
 VVherein is enter'd all our finnes; and when
 Our score is full; let's looke for payment then :
 And (oh) what Prince, what Common-wealth can stand,
 When God doth scourge it with a rigorous hand.

176

And let vs make this vse of their new wracke
 Forbeare to sinne for feare of punishment :
 God is not sencelesse, though he seeme to slacke,
 He respits vs, in hope we will repent ;
 But vse growes more, the longer debts are lent,
 And God forbears, and winks at our abuse,
 That we might haue lesse colour for excuse.

177

I could not choose, when I had y oak't my Teame,
 But make this Furrow to enrich my field :
 And now returne to my intended Theame ;
 And Edward wishes that his Raigne might yeild
 Fit presidents, for Princes, how to weild
 That weighty Prouince which they do sustaine,
 And thus continues his Discourse againe.

178

When my chiefe friends did see how things mischanced,
 And those mischances did impute to sinne;
 My sinne to him, whom I had so aduanced :
 To banish him, they then againe beginne,
 And made my selfe to haue a hand therein ;
 Their force, my feare, compeld me thereunto.
 Tis hard when Princes are inforst to doe.

D

It is

179

It is the chiefest good of Kingly raigne,
 That it is free from base compelling feare,
 And tis againe the Kingdomes chiefest baine
 Not to admit wise Counsell to the care,
 Away with aw, hold Admonition deere,
 Feares ne're should meete with Kingly eyes
 But one the backs of flying enemyes.

i

180

But the faier luely picture of aduice,
 should still be placed ny the Princes sight,
 Thrice happy Kings, that are both stout and wise,
 Your scorne controwle, but set not counsell light
 No feare, but vertue, moues you to doe right,
 Y'are Kings indeed, and may securely rest
 Whilst feares are pitch't within a weaker brest.

181

Te solum Vereor is a Princely word
 Speaking to him that is Lord *parramount*;
 And supream Princes, so should beare the sword,
 As but to him, they neede giue no account;
 Which they shall doe, if as they do surmount
 In greatnesse, so in goodnesse they excell.
 Tis certaine, he rules all, that gouerns well.

182

And none doth so, but the selfe gouernor
 That his owne priuat passion can command
 Which makes a slaue euen of an Emperor
 If once they growe to get the vpper hand
 And soone deepe searhing spirits will vnderstand
 And finde a Prince thats weake, and ride him soe
 That he must pace, as they will haue him goe.

Whereof

183

Whereof my selfe may be a president
 Who was toer aw'd by my great Peeres,
 That *Gaweston* was doom'd to banishment
 And now my soule full fraught with griefes and feares,
 Was in her motion restles with these pheres
 But not so fixed; now goe he should, now should not
 So woman-like, I would, and straight I would not.

184

Yet ere he went, (as goe he must, and did)
 Deere Prince, saith he, wherein haue I misdone
 That I am banished thus? doth Edward bid
 His poore (but yet his owne poore *Pierce*,) to shunne
 His gracious sight, must I from England runne?
 He bids I must, farewell, yet thinke of mee,
 my body goes, my soule doth stay with thee.

185

What were theis words, but each to mee a wound
 Whereat my very life-blood gushed out,
 I would haue spoke, but words with teares were drown'd
 While giddy passion hurld by braine about,
 Confusedly I spake, oh do not doubt,
 Theis damned Peeres, it is not long on mee,
 though body stayer, yet goes my soule with thee.

186

Mourne not sweete Prince, said hee, oh doe not mourne.
 Let neuer teares disgrace those gracefull eyes.
 Is't not enough that I am thus forelorne,
 Must cares from mee, as clowdes from sea arise?
 My deere deere Liege, let it at least suffice.
 That still you haue the better part of mee
 My body they command, my soule is free.

D 2

Gaweston

18

Cease, cease, my *pierce*, thy tong doth wound my heart,
 I grieve to see, because I see thy griefe :
 Farewell, and yet me thinkes, we should not part ;
 And yet we must, well, this be thy reliefe,
 Thou bear'st a field of gold, a King in chiefe :
 But be thou *Ireland's* Gouvernor then for me,
 Would thou might'st stay, or I might go with thee.

188

At parting thus, with wanton griefe we play d,
 He went to Sea, and I to sorrow went ;
 And yet my lustfull heart was not allay'd ;
 My treasure, that to *Gauestone* was sent,
 And was in triumphs, mongst the *Irish* spent :
 Who seem'd now greater then he did before,
 So Vines being cut, increase, and thrive the more.

189

And here my Peeres did in true iudgment faile,
 So to remoue, not take him quite away :
 Who once returning, needes must seeke to quaille,
 The aduerse part that labour'd his decay ;
 Dead dogs can neither barke nor bite (men say)
 But anger'd cures more fiercely still returne,
 And wronged minds with greater fire burne.

190

Better it is, still to dissemble hate
 Then first to enter into discontent,
 And leaue him great, whom thou hast edg'd of late,
 VVho hauing meanes, and sharpned in intent,
 May easily worke some dangerous euent :
 Either strike not, or else be sure strike so,
 That thou thy selfe need feare no future blow.

Besides

191

Besides they did the more exasperate,
 By opposition my enraged Ire.
 And for my Gaucston, whom they did hate,
 They did inflame me with a greater fire,
 His absence setting edge on my desire
 For Princes kept from what they doe affect
 do hurree to their ends without respect.

192

What euer stops the currant of the streame,
 Is swept away with furious violence;
 Force being effectlesse 'gainst a stronger means,
 But if one will with labour and expence
 Diuert the course, and turne the Channell thence,
 'Tis possible, that he in time preuailes,
 For *Arte* doth compasse, when resistance failes.

193

Philosophers doe hold (and truly too)
 That lightning oft, (the sheath vntouch'd, the blade)
 Consumes the reason, why it doth so do
 Is, by the one there's small resistance made
 Being full of pores; th'other hard t'invade,
 Doth set it selfe against that heavenly shot,
 Which quite consumes, because it pierceth not.

194

I cannot fit the awfull wrath of Kings,
 More properly then to this wondrous fire,
 Which once inflames, consumes resisting things,
 Breakes vp the bounds that limits their desire;
 And by depressing downe still mounts vp higher,
 VWhereas strong passion borne with patience,
 Spends on it selfe, and dies without offence,

D 3

My

(54)

195

My peeres soone saw which way the hare did run
And therefore gaue consent to his repeale.
Not Caesar, when *Phasalia* field he wonn
Did triumph more, then I, when they did scale.
And did subscribe, the ruine of our weale,
Then all was well, whilst all did well agree
But all prou'd Ill, for all, and worst for mee.

196

For *Gauetson* after hee did returne,
Of all my former fauours once possesse,
His full filld fortunes held my peeres in scorne.
Nor could he any equall well digest
Oh foolish man to swell about the rest
When bubbles fullest blowne doe soonest breake
And trees are euer at the top most weake.

197

Content doth seate it selfe in lowest dales
Out of the dint of winde and stormie showres.
There sits and sings Melodious Nightingales (flowre
There runs fresh cooling streames, there spring sweet
There heat and cold are fenc'd by shady bowres
There hath he wealth at will, but this wee knowe
the grasse is short, that one the hill doth grow.

198

Oh *Gauetson* whie dost thou then aspire
To be so great, when greatnesse stands one yce,
If thou shouldst slip, as now thy place is hier
Then will thy fall be greater in a trice
Hee's downe that stands on Pynacles, be wise,
Stand low, Stand fast, but oh I speake in vaine,
For men will mount, though suer to floope againe,

Flor

199

How *Gauetstone* the third time Banished,
 Did liue in *Duoholand* where he found no rest:
 How he return'd, how I was famished
 Did feede on him, as on some dainty Feast:
 How ill my Peeres, his presence did digest,
 I doe but touch at: now my Muse vnfold,
 How till his fall, he bare him proud and bold

200

Suppose him spleene-full melancholly sad:
 And me in mine affections passionate:
 Thinke him reuenge-full, thinke me doting mad:
 Thinke, how I lou'd; and thinke how he did hate:
 And thinke him then thus to expostulate;
 Grieu'd with precedent, fear'd with future wrong;
 Thus did this *Syren* tune his balefull song.

201

Oh King (no King) but shadow of a King:
 Nay doe not frowne, but heare me what I say,
 I speake in zeale, though fatally I sing;
 Thou op'st a gap vnto thine owne decay,
 By suffering thy proud Peeres to beare the sway,
 For looke how much the shadowes height doth grow,
 So much the Sunne declines, and goes more low.

202

Thy waxing is their waine, thy ebbe their ryde,
 When they are strongest, thou art weake and faint,
 Turne euery stone, to quell their growing pride;
 It fits not Kings, to brooke the least restraint,
 Disgrace, exile, straight darance, or attaint,
 Close practises, to bring them into hate:
 These are the meanes to re-assure thy State.

D 4

Now

Now thou art King in shewe, but not in deede,
 These petty pawnes doe checke, and mate thee to:
 All is reuers'd that is by thee decreed,
 They doe inioyne thee, what thou hast to doe,
 And what they will thou art compeld vnto;
 But though thy pleasure bend another way,
 Yet things must passe, as they are pleas'd to sway.

They haue allies, to strengthen their designs,
 They backe themselves with their Confederates,
 Their seeming zeale, the vulgar vndermines,
 The wiser sort, for feare insinuates,
 And so they gaine assurance of all states:
 Some by the glosse of faire deportment; and
 Some by a hard, and ouer-awing hand.

Besides, they raise men that are popular,
 And by their meanes, the peoples hearts they steale,
 Themselves seemes iust, their courses regular,
 They make pretences for a Common-weale,
 Of reformation, of religious zeale;
 And by these colours which they do pretend,
 They bring their complots to a sinfull end.

But more then this, the wealth of all thy Land
 Is in their hand, or else at their dispose,
 V Whereby they haue an absolute command
 Of many liues, which are maintain'd by those
 Great bounties, that from their aboundance flowes:
 For they must needs remaine at their deuotion,
 V Who haue from them their being, and their motion.

These are the close consumptions of thy State,
 VWhich by these antidots, thou must restore :
 Be seru'd by such as thou hast rais'd of late,
 Advance new Creatures of no note before,
 And such will still depend on thee therefore,
 For wanting meanes, except thou grace them still,
 They must remaine obliged to thy will.

Let them be staring spirits of aire and fire,
 Apt but to make, and to maintaine a faction :
 Ambitious, actiue, hungry to aspire;
 Not foil'd with feare, but apt for actiue action,
 True to their ends, but false in faith and faction :
 And such being grac'd, and fauour'd by the time,
 VWill in despite of spightfull enuy elime.

VWhose growth thy Peeres will malice and detest,
 And seeke to stop, which they not brooking well,
 VWill nourish mutuall hatred in their brest,
 And rankrous enuy in their soules will swell ;
 From whence reuenge, and greedy thrift to quell :
 The aduerse parry, cannot but proceede,
 And so confusion to them all indeede.

Meane while thou vnder-hand must feede the flame,
 And secretly giue heart to either side,
 And which is weakest, leaue them to the same,
 VWhereby, thou shalt confound the aduerse pride,
 And if they doubting chance to be espide,
 Make it an open quarrell, and be sure
 To cut them off, that may most hurt procure.

This

211

This lecture was by *Tarquin* well exprest,
 When with his wand, he did behead those flowers,
 That any way did ouer-grow the rest:
 As who should say, be jealous of great powers,
 And cut them downe, whose State neere equals ours
 For that same *Throne* is but a slippery seate,
 That suffers any to be ouer-great.

212

Make penall Lawes, to cut off their retainers;
 Wrest from their hands, all publique great command,
 Grace them in shew, but not to make them gainers:
 Keepe them aloofe, let them not vnderstand,
 The passages of State, at any hand:
 Doe not commit thy forces to their trust,
 Least hauing mindes, th'auc meanes to be vniust.

213

Where ere they liue, though they be farre remou'd,
 Yet let them be suruei'd with carefull eye,
 Such as are neere to them, and deerely lou'd,
 To whom their inward thoughts most open lye,
 Winne them by gifts, and by close pollicy
 To serue thy turne with true intelligence,
 Of any thing that may procure offence,

214

If they command, doe thou not fauour then,
 Let all aduancements be deriu'd from thee:
 So shalt thou weane from them, the hearts of men,
 And they will onely, thy dependants be:
 For there men serue, while they preferment see:
 Lastly, what Stratagem thou dost intend,
 Let shewes of vertue colour still thy end.

The

215

These are the baites to fish for wisest Peeres,
 The longlings may be caught with easier meanes:
 Let Syren pleasures bane their youthfull yeares:
 Let lust, expence, and riotous extreames,
 To which their age by course of nature leanes,
 Let followers, change of beauties pompous pride
 Infect their mindes, and racke their States beside.

216

Yet if thou see a likely growing plant,
 Whose spreading branches may in time proue great:
 Lodge him at home, let him imployment want,
 And fruitlesse wither in his native seate,
 For ease and rest, will chill his active heate,
 And lull'd in pleasure of a safe delight,
 Relinquish mounting thoughts of honors quite.

217

But if his temper sore so high a pitch,
 And that his working vertues must haue vent,
 Ingage him in some action, by the which
 His Haruest may be Death, or discontent;
 Yet make a shew to grace his hardiment,
 And thrust him so (with highest honor) on
 To such attempts, as Death still waite vpon.

218

Which if he misse, as Heaven may blesse him so;
 Yet will the managing of such designes,
 Afford fit matter for his ouer throw.
 If that his Fortune any way declines,
 For commonly the vulgar sort repines,
 Against all actions that do want successe,
 And in their humors weigh the agents lesse.

And

219

And so they lye more open to their wracke,
 VWhen they haue once manur'd a common hate,
 And then some faire occasion cannot lacke,
 Either by death to cancell their lines hate,
 Or at the least to weaken so their State,
 As that the Prince need feare no future harme,
 That may proceed from their vnioynted arme.

220

And hauing cleer'd thy selfe of such, yet then
 That thou might'st keep thy Maiesty and State:
 Thou needes must intertaine some Noble men,
 But frothy bubbles, full of idle prate,
 Who study fashions, know their place (scarce that)
 Al whose sweet worth, is fetch'd from bad mens toombe,
 And they themselues lesse worthy then their Groomes.

221

Let them discourse of Kindred and *Allies*:
 My vnckle Earle, my cousen Duke, or so;
 Who liuing, did this or that interprise:
 And tell how his great Grand-fires house did go,
 VWhen he in *France* incountred with his foe:
 Grace these (sweet Prince) these thy Courts Comets be
 And pray for them, the'ile neuer pray for thee.

222

Thus must thy twigs be lim'd, thy nets display'd,
 To catch these birds that sore vp to the Sunne;
 And when these wise foundations once are layd,
 Tis almost ended that is well begunne,
 Then art thou King indeede, then hast thou wonne
 Vnto thy selfe an absolute estate;
 Meane while thou liu'st but in a golden grate.

Th

223

Thus did this hellish *Ase* cast the ball
 Off discontent, betwixt me and my Peeres;
 Whose damned Counsels flowing from the gall,
 Fill'd them with fury, me with needlesse feare,
 And set vs all together by the cares:

For straight to armes they get, to venge the wrong,
 And vow'd his head should answer for his tongue.

224

I wish'd the trees were turn'd to armed troopes,
 And all the boughes were pikes, their hearts to wound;
 All other birds; the Princely Eagle stoopes:
 The Lyon roares, the beasts shake at the sound,
 Why should not I, their daring pride confound,
 That saucily vsurp vppon my right;
 But Lyons, are no Lyons wanting might.

225

But they did strike whilst that the Steele was hot,
 And still came on, to seize vpon their pray:
 VVhat should we do, complaine it booteth not:
 Go leauy men, our men did dis-obay:
 Sue for a *Truce*, they would not grant a day:
 Submit our selues, and so some pittie craue,
 Me hurt they would not, him they would not saue.

226

That Prince indeede is to be held most wise,
 VVho by his virtues doth his state secure:
 But he's a foole that meanes to tyrannise,
 And doth not seeke by forces to assure
 His owne designs, for let him be most sure,
 A Prince that's weake, and yet doth gouerne ill,
 Is subiect to a thousand dangers still

Nothing

227

Nothing remain'd but flight, and flye we did ;
 So silly Doves before proud Falcons flye,
 Till *Gauesstone* in *Scarborow* Castle hid :
 My Peeres surpris'd whom *Warwicke* Earle Sir *Guy*
Beauchamp beheaded, so my *Pierce* did dye :
 A gloomy night concluded this faire morne,
 And Fortunes Minion, ended Fortunes scorne.

228

Oh what is honor but an exhalation ;
 A fiery Meteor soone extinct and gone :
 A breach of people, and the tongues relation,
 That straight is ended when the voice is done :
 A morning dew dri'd vp with mid-day sunne ;
 A ceasing sweete like *Danaes* golden shower,
 Which both began, and ended in an houre.

229

There breeds a little Beast by *Nilus* streames,
 Which being borne when *Phœbus* first doth rise ;
 Growes old, when he reflects his hottest beames ;
 And when at night to *Westerne* Seas he hies ;
 Then life begins to faile, and straight it dyes :
 Borne, old, and dead, and all but in a day,
 Such honor is, so soone it weares away.

230

How much more happy is that sweete estate
 That neyther creeps to low, nor soares too high,
 Which yeelds no matter to content or hate,
 Which others not dildaine, nor yet enuy,
 Which neither does, nor takes an iniury,
 But liuing to it selfe, in sweete content
 Is neither iordide, nor yet insolent,

He

231

Hee liues indeede, and spends his course of time,
 In truest pleasure that this life can yeald,
 He hath set houres to pray at euen and prime :
 He walkes abroad into his quiet field,
 And studies how his home affaires to weild :
 His soule and body make one Common-wealth;
 His Counsels care to keepe them both in health.

232

He feares no poysons in his meates nor drinkes :
 He needes no Guard to watch about his bed :
 No treacher vndermines him what he thinks :
 No dangerous proiects hammer in his head,
 He sits and sees, how things are mannaged;
 And by obseruing what hath erst beene done,
 He leuels oft, how future things will runne.

233

If he would deale with Kings, and mighty men,
 He doth conuerse with them in History :
 If he would know the Heauenly motions, then
 He takes his Globe, he reads *Astronomy* :
 His Maps and Charts doe teach *Cosmography* ;
 And whilst in his safe Cell he studying stands,
 In one short houre, he sailes both Sea and Lands.

234

And tir'd perhaps with the Discouery
 Of Forraine things, he comes more neerer home,
 He lookes into himselfe, with curious eye
 That little World, that is indeede his owne
 He trauels in, which being truely knowne
 Affords enough for wonder and delight,
 When he hath learn'd to know himselfe aright.

He

The

235

The Earle of *Cornwall*, causer of the warre
 Thus being dead, they layd their weapons downe;
 Protesting all, they would not goe so farre
 As to be thought disloyall to the Crowne,
 But they did seeke the Realmes and my renowne,
 Which was eclipsed in him which they had slaine,
 But *Englands* Sphere would not grow cleere againe.

236

Oh still darke clouds doth shadow *Englands* sphere,
 And bitter stormes on gloomy clouds dependant,
 Vnfortunate, and fatall euery yeare,
 Whilst haplesse *Edward* was chiefe Lord ascendant;
 Malignant starres were still on me attendant,
 Though at my birth, *Ioue* smil'd with sweete aspect,
 Yet froward nature did my life direct.

237

For though disasted *Gauestone* was dead;
 Yet *Edward* liu'd, and liu'd to farther ill:
 For still I was by my affections led;
 I will'd no Law, yet had no Law but will:
 My Peeres disgrac'd, my Councell grieved still.
 The *Spencers*, they succeeded *Gauestone*,
 He chang'd for worse and worse; two illls for one.

238

These *Spencers* now the subiect of my Song,
 Descended of a race of good esteeme:
 The elder *Hugh* (the father) liued long
 In great accompt, and happy daies had scene,
 Till his ambitious sonne did ouer-weene,
 Whose greatnesse caus'd the Father to aspire,
 And at the last did wracke both Sonne and Syre.

Oh what hast thou, old man to do with Court?
 Thy bookes and beads had better beene for thee :
 Liue still retir'd and do not now resort,
 To stormie tempest age doth ill agree,
 With great concourse and vulgar mutinie,
 It rather craues immunity and rest,
 And powerfull ease, with tumult not distrest.

Whose ioynts being wrack't & torturd with the gowte
 Can scarce endure the stirring of a straw,
 Who being vn-wildie must be borne about,
 Whose golden Ewer is crack't with many a flaw,
 Who hath no grinders left in either iawe. (tremble,
 Whose strong men bowe, whose keepers shake and
 Whose meager lookes pale death doth most resemble

But this ambition is a boyling ill,
 Honor doth make death Cinders glow againe,
 What aged one so great, but by his will
 Would faine grow greater, age doth still retaine
 Two humors, hope of life, desire of gaine,
 And this was that which made old *Spencer* clime,
 When he had past the Autumne of his time.

The younger *Hugh*, the sonne of this old man,
 Was of an actiue spirit, and able Braine :
 Who with the Barons at the first began
 To side himselfe, they fauouring him again,
 For *Gauestone* made him Lord Chamberlaine,
 That he in place so neere about the king
 Might alwaies serue their turnes in euery thing;
 E Thinking

243

Thinking because he was by them preferr'd,
 He still would cleave to them in their designs,
 But (ill advised men) herein they err'd.
 A swelling spirit hates him, by whom he climes,
 As yuse kills the Tree wherein it Proines,
 So rising men when they are seated high,
 Spurne at the meanes, that first they mounted by.

244

Because they thinke, such fauors challenge still,
 An equall correspondencie of loue,
 Which ties them to be pliant to their will;
 And as the lower spheres, by those aboue,
 Are whirl'd about, so, they by these must moue,
 In all attempts still swaid by their direction,
 And for no end, nor measure of subiection.

245

And such well-mettled men cannot digest,
 To be obsequious to an others minde:
 Their working spirits will not let them rest,
 Till those precedent bands, which did them bind,
 By opposition, are againe vntwin'd,
 And such an open rupture doth restore
 Their libertie, which was ingag'd before.

246

And greatnesse houlds it needfull policie,
 To rid his hands of them, that did it raise,
 By entring into open enmitie
 And so to cut them off without delayes,
 These were, and are the courses of our daies:
 Who list obserue both old and modern times,
 Shall finde, I wright no fables though some times.

(67)

247

I will not touch particulars at all;
I play the ball, let others marke the chase;
The *Spencers* do my wandring muse recall,
Who being neere the king in chiefeſt place,
Did heape vp much, and that in little ſpace,
For all things hid he from their paſſage then,
Who turn'd to gold, all matters, and all men.

248

The chiefeſt Peeres were vnderhand kept downe,
The Mynions of the King got euery place,
Though *Edward* had, yet *Spencers* rul'd the Crowne;
And being both made Earles in higheſt grace,
They built, they bought, they raiſ'd, they did deface,
Whom, what they would, ſuch was their powerfull
And ſodaine greatneſſe growes to ſome vniuſt. (luſt,

249

Eſpecially, if like a Mole it workes,
Only in earth: how greedy's ſuch a man?
How cloſely he in Couert, ſilent workes,
To Compaſſe a whole Countrey, if he can;
Still griping all; that comes within his ſpan,
What wealth, wit, friends, force can do, good or ill,
Shall, muſt be practiſ'd, for to pleaſe his will.

250

The Princes fauours do for Pullies ſerue,
To draw on men, to be at his command,
Eu'n ſeats of Iudgement ſhall from iuſtice ſwerue,
If they may bring a title to his hand:
And if ſome reuerend fathers ſhall withſtand;
Then weed them out, they will not ſerue our turne,
Such men are fit for Martirs, let them burne.

E 2

His

251

His Agents must be of another mould,
 Sharp-sighted into other mensestate,
 Pliant to do, what their great Masters would,
 Close, cunning to dissemble loue, or hate,
 Well spoken, powerfull to insinuate,
 Seemingly honest, outwardly precise,
 By which they may their close complots disguise.

252

These are like pipes of Lead that do conuay,
 Those practises, that from their head do spring ;
 And yet these serpents come to beare great sway,
 Are legg'd and crouch'd vnto, for feare they sting,
 These buy and build, and beg, and raise, and wring,
 Farmer, Esquier, Knight and Baron too,
 And Prince and all, with whom they haue to doe.

253

And this indeed was the most dangerous rocke,
 Whereon I split, and so at last did drowne :
 This was mine Error, this the stumbling block,
 At which I fell, and cast my fortunes downe :
 This lost my peoples hearts, and that my Crowne.
 My Minions rapine, and vniust oppression,
 And my too much indulgent indiscretion.

254

My Peeres were male-content, being vnrespected,
 My Captaines mutinous for want of pay,
 My Court with all incestuousnes infected,
 My people poore, with taxes par'd away,
 And apt for innouation euery day.
 All out of ioynt, dejected, and dismai'd,
 Onely the *Spencers*, and their Consorts swai'd.

(69)

255

I sould, they bought, I wasted, they did thrine,
They had aboundance, I was indigent,
They suck'd the honey, I the ranfack't hiue :
Which made them grow, bould, tart and insolent,
And therby caul'd a common discontent,
Of all those crimes, I did incurre the blame,
Because my heate gaue life vnto the same.

256

Princes attend, for I do speake in zeale
'Tis not enough that you your selues are iust,
But you must looke into the common-weale,
And see that those, whom you doe put in trust,
Do gouerne by the law not by their lust.
For he indeed the wrong doth perpetrate,
That may redresse, yet it doth tolerate.

257

And so you make their wickednesse, your owne,
By suffering them to sinne, without controule,
But let no Widowes teares bedew your throne,
Nor poore mens sighes, sent from a greeued soule,
Nor Orphans prayers, which heauen doth still inrolle
Nor common curses, caul'd by publike greeuance:
Draw iudgment down on you for their mischicuaunce:

258

Kings must vse some, and may choose of the best,
But let them still remember what they are,
Let not all lawes be lock't vp in one brest,
Let no one only censure make or marre,
For men haue passions, which oft straines them far :
The most sees least, few best, but none sees all,
Who hath not doth, who doth not, yet may fall.

E 3

I

259

I do not barke against authoritie,
 My heart did neuer lodge vnreuerend thought,
 Heauen knowes, how I adore iust Soueraigntie,
 How oft my soule, with vp-heau'd hands hath sought,
 Vnto that God whose precious blood vs bought,
 For our right vertuous king, this peacefull state,
 And all those powers, he doth subordinate.

260

Oh if one beame of thy resplendent light,
 Most faire al-guiding Sun chance to descend
 Vpon this short abridgement which I write.
 Let no conceipt thy sacred selfe offend,
 For they were chiefly moulded to this end:
 To shew how much our selues obliged stand,
 For these good times as now do blesse our land.

261

Which by collation of these wretched daies,
 Appeare more full of comfort and content:
 But I goe on, Muse, keepe the beaten wayes;
 Whilst *Spencers* rul'd with common discontent,
 Eu'n God himselfe inflicted punishment
 Vpon the Prince, the people, and the land,
 Who felt the weight of his afflicting hand.

262

The king himselfe was full of diffidence,
 And thought to strengthen his partialitie;
 The Lords not brooking *Spencers* insolence,
 Did league themselves with strong formalitie,
 The best were guiltie of neutralitie.
 The vulgar sort was tided vp and downe,
 As fortune list, to fauour or to frowne.

The

(71)

263

The earth her selfe as sorrowing for her sonnes,
Or wearie of their foule misgouernment,
Griues out of heart, and barren straight becomes,
Not yeelding men sufficient to be spent,
But seem'd to drop away with languishment:
So may we see how God vnfructifies,
A fruitfull land for mens impieties.

264

The lowring Heauens did seeme to drop down teares,
As if they wept, to wash the sinfull earth,
Infectious foggs, and gloomie clouds appeares,
Which choke the growth of all things in their birth:
Heauen, earth, and all conspir'd to make a dearth,
Oh see when God takes armes against a land,
He can Inroll all creatures in his band.

265

Great was the want of that unhappie time,
The Earth not yeelding her accustom'd store:
And that which was, whilst greedy men purloine,
And hord it vp, they make the famine more,
Grinding thereby the faces of the poore.
As if Gods heauie hand were too too light,
Vnlesse eu'n man should studie mans despight.

266

Such men are traitors euen to natures Law,
And do conspire against the common good:
They wring the bread out of the poore mans iawe,
Whose verie soule doth starue for want of foode,
But without doubt, God will require their blood.
Their guiltlesse blood which from the earth shall cry
And beg reuenge of him that is most high.

E 4

If

The

267

If but one sparke of grace in them did dwell,
 Did they respect humane societie;
 Had they a hope of Heauen, a feare of hell;
 Or any litle sence of pietie;
 Did they in heart conceiue a Deitie;
 And that most iust, most wise, most powerfull too,
 They would forbear, what God forbids to doe.

268

But neither feare of God, nor loue of men,
 Nor iust compassion of a publique ill
 Can worke vpon their brawnie hearts, and then,
 Coerciue meanes best fitts a stubbornne will,
 Else they'le be hardned in their malice still,
 For oftentimes we see where nature failes,
 Law interposes, and indeed preuailes.

269

The ancient Roman state in its chiefe pride,
 When it was gouern'd with most sound aduise,
 Had *Leges frumentarias* to prouide.
 That graine should not grow to too high a price,
 Our times such lawes, our Lawes need such aduise,
 Some men are growne so monstrous in their kinde,
 We must like monsters, them inclose and binde.

270

Me thinks this sinne hath in't some tast of bloud,
 And what if *Dracoes* lawes did match this sinne;
 Which is not onely opposite to good,
 And all good offices what soeuer beene:
 But doth also infringe the common kinne,
 Whereby one soule is linck'd vnto another,
 As seuerall sonnes, descending from one mother.

But

271

But oh what times are these wherein we liue,
 In which we neither can indure the sore,
 Nor yet the salue, the causes why we grieue,
 Nor yet the meanes, which should our state restore:
 Once *Pharoes* kyne, which were but leane and poore,
 Deuour'd the fat; those times are alter'd cleane,
 For now we see the fat deuoures the leane.

272

But whilst impatient hunger did constraîne,
 The vulgar sort, to eat vnhealthy foode,
 A great mortalitie began to reigne,
 Spilling too much (but most plebeian) blood,
 And after death came war with angrie moode.
 Loe wretched man, how woe still comes in grosse,
 And after one succeeds a second crosse.

273

When God seuerely scourgeth any land,
 He seconds plagues, with plagues, and woes with woes
 He taketh his three stringed whip in hand,
 Of dearth, of death, of home, of farraine foes,
 And from these three, all desolation growes,
 What true Content, what rest to men remains:
 When ill, by ounces; Good scarce comes by graines.

274

And to encrease the current of my care,
 A flauish Groome *Iohn Pordras* was his name,
 Borne in the west, at *Exeter* did dare,
 To bruit abroad, that he from *Longshanks* came,
 And I a Changling, but suppos'd the same,
 That he in truth was *Edwards* lawfull sonne,
 And by a nurse this trecherie was done.

But

275

But afterwards of his vntruth conuicted,
 He did confesse that he was mou'd vnto it,
 By those foule Arts that God had interdifted
 And by a spirit in likenesse of a Cat;
 Who did assure him by this damned plot,
 He should vnto the Soueraigntie attaine,
 But hanging did indeede prevent his reigne.

276

Heere giue me leaue a litle while to dwell,
 Vpon the nature of this accident:
 First I obserue the Diu'll cannot foretell,
 Before things come what will be their euent,
 If that they be not properly contingent:
 This is, that may be, and not be as well,
 And such no Deuill, nor spirit can foretell.

277

All future things, that haue or may be tould,
 Are in themselues, or by their causes knowne,
 Things in themselues, God only can vnfould,
 And yet sometimes, he doth impart his owne,
 And proper knowledge of such things to come,
 Vnto such Agents, as he list inspire,
 With some small sparkles of his heauenly fire.

278

Such were the holy Prophets in their daies,
 Who only by th'infusion of his grace,
 Foretold strange things, such likewise did he raise
 At seu'rall times, euen from the gentle race.
 And in that ranck, some do the Sybills place,
 Who by the glimmering of his glorious light,
 Of things to come, did oft diuine aright.

Thos

279

Those things that by their causes are conceiu'd
 Do either follow of necessitie,
 Therefore in them eu'n men are not deceiu'd
 Or grounded else on probabilitie.
 Or they do hit by meere contingencie,
 The first the Diu'l must certenly conceaue,
 Ones at the second, in the least deceaue.

280

And yet because of long experience,
 And by their wondrous knowledge in all Arts,
 And for no earthie substance dimmes their sence,
 And by their speedy motion which imparts
 A present knowledge from the farthest parts:
 I grant they fully comprehend those things,
 Which vnto vs great admiration brings.

281

But when in truth, the things are so conceal'd
 That neither causes nor th'effects appeare
 Then those occurrents are by them reueal'd,
 In such a sort, as double sence may beare,
 Alwaies ambiguous, cloudy, neuer cleare:
 And such were those same Oracles of old,
 Which were by *Phabus*, or by *Hamon* told.

282

I will be no Retailor of such wares,
 For they are cheape, and common vnto all,
 But I obserue what comes to such mens shares,
 I note the fearefull Iudgements that doe fall
 Vpon such Artists as do vse to call
 Which both the ancient *Annalls* do record
 And modern stories of our time afford.

Some

Some burnt with fire as *Zoroastes* was,
 And some, the earth did swallow vp aliue,
 As *Amphiaras* when that he did passe.
 To *Thebes*, some did their owne spirits depriue,
 Of breath, And so Pope *Benedict* did thriue,
 The ninth of that same name, whose vitall line
 The deuill himselfe by strangling did vntwine,

Nicephorus and so *Abbidoes* tells,
 How *Simon Magus* flying in the Aire
 By Magick Art, and by inchanting spells,
 Fell downe and brake his bones at *Peters* prayer,
 And so he di'd in horror and despaire.
 Oh God, how far thy hand is stretched out
 To powre downe vengeance on this damned rout,

But to reuert from whence I did digresse,
 Besides this common confluence of ill:
 Those warres I vndertooke, God did not blesse,
 But euermore they were successlesse still,
 Because I fail'd, both in aduise and skill.
 Which being manag'd without due respect
 How could their ends but sort to such effect.

Most true it is a power of fearefull Harts,
 That by a Princely Lyon is but led,
 Shall in the field exploit more glorious parts,
 Then armed Lions with a Hart their head:
 For wars do thriue as they are mannaged,
 And in the streame of Action found aduise
 Preuailes as much as doth bold enterprise,

287

A Ship well mann'd, well victual'd, tackled well,
 Without a skilfull pilot steere the same,
 Doth in that warrie world in danger dwell.
 Looke what the Pilot is to that huge frame
 To armed troopes, the Chiefetaine is the same,
 Who wanting either courage or foresight,
 Ruines himselfe, and all his Armie quite.

288

In managing of Ciuill home designs,
 If any Councell be not wisely fitted:
 There yet remaines some space in after-times,
 To execute what was before omitted.
 Or to correct what was before committed,
 But in the fields, when Armies ioyne in shocke,
 One only error brings all to the block.

289

And hence, as I conceiue, it doth proceede,
 That excellent Commanders are so rare,
 Because they must be very wise indeede,
 To take the least aduantages that are,
 And very valiant to attempt and dare,
 And oh how feldome meete in one these twaine,
 A Lions heart ioynd with a foxes braine.

290

Troy only stories forth one *Hectors* fame
 One *Alexander*, name of great did merit:
 One *Hanniball* from *Carthage* onely came,
 And but one *Pyrrhus* Empire did inherit,
 So sauing are the Heauens of such a spirit.
 That no one climate hath produced many,
 And many one hath scarce beene blest of any.

The

295
 Therefore in truth, I do not lump with those,
 Who thinke the Prince a conduct in the field
 Should both himselfe, and common wealth repose
 Vpon some Chieftaine, whilst himselfe doth wield,
 The home affaires which more assurance yeeld.
 In shew I grant, but weighing euerything,
 Such seeming safeties certaine danger bring.

296
 For if ambition seize vpon the soule,
 As 'tis a passion apt to entertaine,
 And once possess no iust respects controule,
 I would aduise the Prince that then doth raigne,
 To doubt the euent, 'tis worse, to complaine
 Then be complain'd of: And who doth not know,
 How many Kings haue been vncrowned so.

297
 This was the Rocke that wrack't great *Olerones* line,
 And brought the Crowne of *France* to *Martells* care
 For *Childerick* was forced to resigne,
 To *Pepin* (*Martells* sonne) his kingly place,
 And so likewise *Hugh Capet* did displace
 The line of *Pepin*, and aduanc't his owne,
 Because in warre, his worth was greater growne.

298
 A Subiect may in shape a Prince excell,
 A Subiect may more then his Soueraigne know,
 Either in arts or in discourfing well,
 He may be stronger to vnhorse his foe,
 And it no danger to the Scepter so,
 But if in armes the subiect growes too great
 The Prince may chaunce be set besides his seat.
 Therefore

291

The *Theban* state no greatnesse did attaine,
 But only in *Epaminondas* time:
 Who being dead, it did grow weake againe,
 He was the sunne that lightned all the clime.
 His setting was their fall, his rise their prime,
 Before most glorious, after of no fame, (came.
 Such powerfull vertue from their Chiefetaine

292

Therefore let Princes labour to attaine,
 The art of warre, by all the meanes they can;
 Because it doth inable him to reigne,
 And makes him greater then a priuate man
 That often hath the Supreme title wan
 Of sole Commander which who doth possesse,
 Is scarce a Prince, and yet but litle lesse.

293

To haue such troopes of Souldiers at command,
 To haue such store of wealth as men affect,
 To haue such potent meanes by sea and land,
 To execute what er'e they would affect,
 To be obseru'd with dutie and respect.
 By forren States, and haue dependancie
 Are shadowes at the least of Soueraignie.

294

And he that oft hath tasted that delight,
 Wherewith such powerfull greatnesse doth bewitch,
 Me thinks can hardlie humble so his spight,
 As not to thinke himselfe aboue the pitch,
 Of common men: more eager is the itch
 To mount the top, of one that's vp halfe way,
 Then his, that still at lowest step doth stay.
 Therefore

Therefore the Prince, whose forces and whose armes
 By other then himselfe commanded bin,
 Must for preuention of ambitious harmes,
 Haue many chieftaines to imploy therein,
 So shall no one be able for to win
 So strong a partie, but another may,
 Serue for a helpe to him crosse in his way.

But is there then no Ciment for to ioyne
 The Prince and powerfull Peere, so close, so fast,
 As th'one shall not suspect, nor th'other clime?
 Or is the state of things so strangely past,
 That men cannot be good with greatnesse grac'd?
 Must Princesteare the noblest virtues still?
 Or must a Subject vse such virtue ill?

Oh no, such minds the glosse of virtue beares,
 But no essentiall part of her pertake?
 A kingly nature cannot nourish feares,
 And virtuous soules loue good for goodnes sake,
 And only that their actions ayme do make,
 Where such as borrow virtues for a time,
 Are dangerous men, and very apt to clime.

Especially if their designements bend,
 To compasse that which we dependance call,
 If all their actions leuell at this end,
 Tender themselues vnto the Generall,
 Oh the'yle be easly drawne to throw at all,
 When they haue got the day into their hand,
 By hauing often conduct and command.

(81)

303

The Antidore for Princes to preserve
Their State vndanger'd from such poysonous pates,
Is onely Iustice, which, who doth obserue
In all designs to men of all estates,
And is not sway'd with feares, loue, hopes, or hates,
Or any passion, but goes clearely on:
That Prince is wise, and doth secure his Throne.

304

Let all the Politicks that breathe this day,
Racke their conceits vntill they breake their braine,
They neuer shall inuent a better way,
By which a Prince may with assurance raigne,
Than to be truly iust, and to retaine
An euen proportion Arithmetically,
By giuing equall iustice vnto all.

305

This is the mother both of loue and feare,
This doth ingender durie and desire,
This doth the Prince from all suspicion cleare,
Because it cuts off all the meanes to aspire;
And distributes to all, deserued hire.
Whereby the Subiect (hauing his iust due)
Remaines contented, and (contented) true.

306

And you great Starres whose powerfull influence
May worke so much, be not irregular,
Moue fairely in your orbs without offence,
Be Nobles truly, and not titular:
(But soft, my Muse, how apt art thou to erre
From thy first path? returne and make it plaine,
That armes are safest for a Soueraigne.)

F

Not

307

Not onely to preuent aspiring harmes
 Would I haue Kings Commanders of their owne,
 But chiefly would I haue them practise Armes,
 That their braue spirits might be the better knowne,
 And haue more vent, to make their vertues showne;
 " For greatnesse doth much in opinion rest,
 " And that's maintain'd by being in action best.

308

Besides, 'tis certaine all men wish to serue
 Rather i'th' Princes eye, than by the care,
 Nothing inflames the soule more to deserue;
 More quickens honour, more abandons feare,
 Then when the Prince in presence doth appeare,
 To checke the coward, and with praise and merit,
 To grace the actions of a gallant spirit.

309

This of all causes, that I can conceiue,
 Made *Alexander* Monarch of the East,
 It is a mightie motiue not to leaue
 Their Soueraigne Princee in danger or distrest,
 Ill thriue they here on earth, in heauen vnblest,
 That wish not so, and grant, oh dearest Lord,
 That men and Angels to my prayers accord.

310

Wise was the State, and verie well aduis'd,
 Whose forces being often put to flight,
 Still finding bad successe, at last deu's'd
 To bring their infant Prince into the fight
 Eu'n in his cradle, that his verie fight
 Might edge their dulled hearts, which prou'd most
 For they did fight, and fighting did subdue.

(true;

Besides,

311

Besides, those vnder officers that are
 Employed according to each seuerall place
 Will with more faith, and more respectiue care,
 Intend their charge before the Princes face,
 So to auoyd both danger and disgrace,
 And then the common souldier serueth best
 When he's respected most, and fleeced least.

312

And though I know examples doe not proue,
 Yet is the state of things not so confounded
 But that those selfe-same motiues still may moue
 On which their resolutions then were grounded,
 Therefore since *Norman William* first was crowned,
 Who list suruey our Kings cannot but yeeld (field,
 Their States thriu'd best, who most did keepe the

313

Yet if the Prince by age disabled be,
 Or otherwise by any like defect,
 Or if the sexe with armes doe not agree,
 Then let them make fit choice with much respect
 Of men of greatest vertues, to direct
 Their martiall forces and the more they traine
 In such designs, the surer is their raigne.

314

Because the Prince with more assurance liues
 That doth relie on many then on one,
 For nothing sooner apt occasion giues
 To swelling spirits for to liue vpon
 Then if they often haue command alone,
 Especially if men doe hold them such
 As without them the State cannot be much.

F 2

Beside

315

Besides it causes enuie on all parts,
 Many malignant humours will be bred,
 If that the Prince all powerfullnesse imparts
 Soly to one, which eu'nly quartered
 Sets many spirits on worke and all are fed,
 At least with hopes, which else perhaps might fall
 To practice, if one hand ingrossed all.

316

Nor would I haue the Prince to nourish feares
 Or ieaiousies, of such as well deserue;
 But let them make, and keepe great spirits theirs;
 And let their fauours and their bounties serue
 As chaines to binde them, that they doe not swerue
 From loyall dutie: stronger is that tie
 Then cunning practice of foule crueltie.

317

And since they must haue Agents of their will,
 For execution of their enterprizes,
 Or be themselues ingag'd in action still,
 Let not vngrounded feares and false surmizes
 Vnapt their meanes, and crosse their owne deuices;
 "For who suspects when there's no caule appears,
 "Gives cause of working that which he so feares.

318

So *Commodus* and *Bassianus* so
 (Two Princes of a most distrustfull braine)
 Did spin the thread of their owne ouerthrow,
 By difference which they did entertaine,
 And were the means that they themselues were slaine
 By their most deare *Pirramus*, their false feare
 Making them guiltie that before were cleare.

For

For where's the man that may in peace possesse
 The happie blessings of a priuate state,
 Yet prostitutes himselfe to wretchednesse,
 To cares of minde, to bodie toile, to hate,
 To enuie, or the violence of Fate,
 To techie times, to dangers imminent,
 If vertue findes no grace but discontent?

Therefore let Princes weigh their seruants merits,
 And grace them most that haue deserved best,
 So shall respected vertues raise new spirits,
 And euerie noble heart and gentle brest
 Will boile with zeale, which will not let them rest;
 Till they of bloud haue rob'd each seuerall veine,
 To doe due seruice to their Souereigne.

But if the Prince too much distastefull be,
 Sad, sower, and of a melancholly minde,
 Hard of accessie, close handed, nothing free
 To best deseruers, euer most vnkinde,
 Let such a one assure himselfe to finde
 False hearts and feeble hands, but certaine hate,
 If any danger threatens his estate.

Besides the foule defacing of his glorie,
 And the remembrance of his liuing shame,
 Which will recorded be in euerie storie,
 And euerie Annall will report the same,
 And tax with hatefull tyrannie his fame,
 And why should Kings be so ill gouerned, (dead?
 That their blacke deeds should liue when they are

(86)

323

A thousand yeares and more are gone and past,
Since that *Iustinian* did the Empire sway,
And yet his foule dishonour still doth last,
And euer will doe while there's night and day,
Because he did vnworthily repay
Thy seruices (braue *Belisarius*)
To whom he was vniustly tyrannous.

324

And though he did plucke forth those eyes of thine,
(Thy cheerefull lamps that lightned those dark daies)
Yet thy great acts, maugre his malice, shine
As bright and glorious as the Sunnie raies:
And time both sees, and speakes thy lasting praise,
And what though thou didst beg from dore to dore,
Thou shalt be rich in honour, and he poore.

325

Besides God doth ingratitude detest,
But loues kinde offices from man to man,
For sweetnesse, goodnesse, priuate States are blest,
And much more Kings, because indeed they can
Doe much more good, they measure not by th' span,
But by the ell, and as their meanes are more
With abler wings so must they higher soare.

326

And oh deare God (the fountaine of all good)
How much obliged are these times to thee,
For our most blessed Prince of greatest bloud,
And yet of greater vertue, happy we,
Yea, ten times happy that haue liu'd to see
So many rare perfections ioyn'd in one,
And that same one to sit vpon our throne.

(87)

327

I doe not purpose to perfume my rimes
With the false breath of seruile flattery,
I rather am too bold with these our times,
But I appeale to Gods al-seeing eye,
To which our closest drifts doe open lye,
How my true pen writes from my feeling heart,
When I great King but shadow what thou art.

328

And oh how blest, how dearly the heauens loue
That common wealth where vertuous Princes sway,
(O sweet experience) now by thee we proue,
We taste, we touch that blessing euery day;
And grant (all guiding God) that long we may:
Long in himsele, and so long in his race
Till there be neither roome for time nor place.

329

But whether hath my zeale, my soules desire
With feruent passion led my pen astray?
To my first subiect now I will retire,
And bring my Muse into the beaten way,
And sing of thy disaster and decay
Oh fatall Edward, whose ill gouern'd Crowne
Both ruin'd others, and thy selfe cast downe.

330

As yet of all the multiplictie
Of seuerall ills that doe vnhappy life,
There was no greater infelicitie
Then was the falsehood of his faulty wife,
That bosome wound, that deadly poyson'd knife
That stabs the soule, and neuer finds reliefe,
But kills with outward shame, or inward griefe.

F 4

Oh

331

Oh what a *Chaos* of confused ill,
Is in the Compasse of this one contain'd?
First violation of Gods secret will,
Next parents, brother, Cozens are defam'd,
The Common wealth by bastardy is stain'd,
Inheritances wrongfully possesse,
The husband scorn'd, wife loath'd, & babes vnblest.

332

The festerous sore growes to a dangerous head,
Now *Myrtimer* begins to play his prize,
A brauer Spirit, nature neuer bred,
Of goodly presence to attract the eyes,
Of sweet discourse, wherein great influence lies,
Of high resolute, and of a noble heart,
No want of nature, and all aid of art.

333

This was the *Paris*, which my *Hellen* wanne,
And this *Prometheus* stole my heavenly fire,
"This was the Eagle aying in the Sunne.
"Hee's more then man that can restraîne desire,
Especially being wag'd by such a hire.
A *Queene*, and young, and faire, hee's halfe a *Ioue*,
Whom honour, youth, and beauty cannot moue.

334

And though there be no iust excuse for sinne,
Yet (*Isabell*) this will I say for thee,
"That's hardly kept, that many seeke to winne,
"The finest cloth doth soonest staine we see.
Perhaps thou hadst these presidents from mee,
Twas like for like, though wrong in thee it were,
Yet was it right and iust for me to beare.

Besides

335

Besides he did imploy all potent meanes,
 To vndermine the Bulwarke of her brest,
 And oh that Sex too much by nature leanes
 To change of loues, what need it be opprest
 With powerfull Art? But men will do their best
 To scale the fort, and till the same be won
 It is yndone desir'd, repented done.

336

And after many sweet inticing baits,
 When hee had somthing diu'd into her heart,
 He then fit opportunitie awaits
 To act the last, and best of all his part,
 Wherein hee was to shew his master Art,
 Which hauing got, he enters thus the field.
 To conquer her, that of her selfe did yeeld.

337

Faire Queene (quoth he) may I behold thy beautie,
 Why not (quoth shee) the Sunne is scene of all,
 And shall I speake respecting still my dutie?
 Why not (quoth shee) Ioue heares the Captiue thrall;
 Shall not disdain on my endeuors fall? (worth,
 Feare not (quoth she) great minds take all in
 Tis flint (not pearle) sends sparks of fire forth.

338

Then beautilous Queene my words shall vent my woe,
 I loue, how sweet were that same sound from thee?
 For onco (quoth she) I will bee sure thine Ecchoe,
 I loue: But that's no perfect point (quoth he)
 The sentence wants, except your Grace adds me,
 You said not so, I made but repetition,
 To greatest sums (faire Queen) needs no addition.
 Why

(90)

339

Why then (quoth she) what ist that I should adde,
Adde fancie to affection (gracious Queene)
Let not desire in tawny weeds be clad,
No sute becomes sweet loue, so well as Greene:
Adde loue to loue, loue will more louely seeme,
Beleeue me (faire) stolne fruit contenteth most:
Then spare not that which being spar'd is lost.

340

Ah *Mortimer* thou know'st (quoth she) I may not,
Maddam (quoth he) I know you may, but will not,
What if I will, why then sweet Queene delay not,
Edward will know, why say he should, it skills not,
Fame will defame; Fame well may hurt but kills not.
Danger may grow, that will indure delight, (white.
As darkest grounds make wheat to seeme more

341

Thou wilt be false, then Sunne leese thou the light,
Why being eclips'd thou knowest, it oft doth so:
Let water burne, I now thou hitt'st it right,
Euen from our bathes such boyling waters flow.
Be constant Moone when I vnconstant grow,
That fitteth lust, shee changing you vntrue,
Nay, you the Moone, and I the Man in you.

342

Ile cry, doe (Madame) shed some teares for ioy,
You wrong me much, (yet wrong'd you will not tell,)
I pray thee leaue, tis but an Idle toy.
Tis true, and toyes please Ladies very well.
I cannot yeeld, no women must but spell,
Men put together, that's my part to play;
Ile fight (ile kisse) and thus begins the fray.

You

(91)

343

You will, nay then I must, because you will:
Women (poore soules) are weake and dare not fight,
Who euer rises we goe downward still,
And yet fond men will say that we are light:
Well 'tis our fortunes, and the destines spight,
I am content because I cannot chuse,
'Tis best to take what boots not to refuse.

344

Thus *Mortimer* this golden fleece did steale,
Desunt Nonnulla.

goe to thy loomes againe,
Unwearied Muse, till thou hast wou'n at will
The wofull storie of poore *Edwards* ill.

Tis

(92)

347

Tis out of Aire whereby we liue and breath,
Tis not the Earth the mother of vs all,
Nor Starres aboue, nor is it Hell beneath,
Nor those same spirits which men their Dæmons call,
Nor chance which seemes to sway things casuall
That are the sole procurers of our euils,
We to our selues are either Gods or Deuils.

348

But I was still the later of the twaine,
My selfe-wrought wrack, beares witnesse of the same,
And you great Lords, that liu'd whilst I did raigne,
And were consumed with the furious flame
Of my enraged wrath, I will not blame
Your wayward pride, nor yet my wiues vntruth,
My seed was sinne, my crop was shame and ruth.

349

When yet did euer the accursed field
Beare other haruest, then such thistles weed?
Can poysoned fountaines wholesome waters yeeld,
Or doe not wormes out of corruption breed?
Mischiefe the Dam pregnant with sinfull seed,
Brings forth her daughter Miserie at last,
And they are alwayes glew'd together fast.

350

There can be no diuorce betwixt those twaine,
They mix, or rather are incorporate,
Like to the Poles of Heauen they doe remaine
Constant and fixt, sinne is vnfortunate,
Still drawing iudgements downe vpon each state,
Which somtimes are deferr'd not following straight
But what time loseth is repair'd with weight.

Ho

351

How many houses haue beene rais'd by sinne,
 And flourish'd faire for one or two descents?
 But still the third vnprosperous hath beene,
 And God hath crost them with some strange euent,
 Whereof these times yeeld many presidents?

But stay my Muse, if thou wilt shun offence,
 Thou must not meddle with the present tense.

352

Speake of the *Spencers* mightie in their dayes,
 Let *Edward* be the subiect of thy pen,
 Who did his Minions to such greatnesse raise,
 That the whole State was by them manag'd then,
 As men with counters, so doe Kings with men,
 Sometimes they stand for halfe-pence, and anon
 What was but so, becomes a Million.

353

But when my Peeres did see how I was bent,
 To make base waxen wings to mount the Skie,
 Whilst their faire plumes were pluckt with vile con-
 And they opprest with scorne and iniurie, (tempt,
 To last-left armes they got them by and by,
 They moued warre, the *Spencers* to remoue;
 Hate armed them, and I was arm'd by loue.

354

They leui'd men, I likewise men did leuie,
 Both raised all the forces we could make;
 A Tyrants hand, they say, was too too heauie,
 A Traytors head, I said, became a stake:
 They vow'd redresse, I vow'd reuenge to take;
 We met, and meeting fought, and fighting found
 No hurt more grieues than doth a selfe-wrought
 (wound.
 Oh

(94)

355

Oh English Peeres relinquish impious Armes;
Build not your weightiest actions vpon Sand,
Tis not the colour of pretended harmes,
Nor seeming zeale vnto your native land,
Nor reformation though you beare in hand
The people so, of some abuse of lawes,
That can make lawfull your vnlawfull cause.

356

These haue, and euer haue beene those smooth oyles,
With which foule treason seekes to paint her face,
That she might seeme faire, pleasing, full of smiles,
So to win loue, and gaine the peoples grace,
Who (filly Gudgeons) euer bite apace,
Vntill that fatall hooke be swallow'd downe,
Wherewith ambition angles for a Crowne.

357

Who euer practiz'd 'gainst a Prince or State,
But alwayes did pretend the common good?
Thereby to draw into contempt or hate,
The course of gouernment as then it stood;
This hath beene still the marrow, life, and bloud
"Of such attempts, but heare the rule stands fast,
"What's thought on first, is executed last.

358

For when that once their priuate turneis seru'd,
The cares of Common-wealth all layd aside:
That did but whet the knife with which they caru'd,
For their owne good: that Vizor did but hide
Some secret ends not fit to be describe,
Vntill accomplish'd, which once brought to passe,
The publike state stands as before it was.

[And

(95)

359

And thus to angle men, crimes must be made
Against the Prince; if he be without touch,
Or that no iust exceptions can be had,
Then must the imputation rest on such,
As being neere the Prince are vsed much;

“For this is certaine, they that stand on his
“Are fairest markes for foulest obloquie.

360

But though the Arrow seemeth at them aim'd,
Yet through their sides, it wounds the Princes brest,
Whose reputation cannot be but maim'd
By their reproach whom they doe fauour best,
And they that kill the birds would spoile the nest;
But what's intended must be closely wrought,
And that pretended which was neuer thought.

361

Why should vaine man still dawbe his actions thus,
With outward whitelime, which are pitch'd within;
Eu'n wicked Kings must be endur'd by vs.
What ere the cause be, Treason is a sinne:
Rebellious armes cannot true honour win.

“The Sword is not the Subiects: his defence,

“In all extremes, is prayer and patience.

362

Therefore, deere spirits, die not you siluer armes,
Into a Sanguine with your mothers bloud,
Let not vnciuill hands, cause ciuill harmes:
For priuate griefe, confound no publike good;
Nor all the water in the Ocean flood

Can wash the sinne from you and your allies;
For treason liues although the Traytor dies.

Sweet

(96)

363

Sweet *Trent*, how were thy Cryſtall waters ſtain'd
With Engliſh blood, that was at *Burton* ſhed
Let Burrow-bridge a *Golgotha* be nam'd,
A field of death, wherein lay buried
So many people and all natives bred, (imployed,
Whose liues had they 'gainſt Frenchmen beene
We had not griev'd, though they had liu'd or di'd.

364

At laſt the doubtfull victorie prou'd mine,
The Barons loſt the day, and loſt their liues :
Their heads went off, whose hearts did ſo repine
Againſt their Prince, for Treason ſeldome thrives.
That great all-ſeeing God, whose knowledge diues
Into the deepeſt ſecret of the ſoule,
Vniuſt contemptſ in Iuſtice doth controule.

365

Great *Lancaſter* than whom no greater Earle,
This greateſt Ile of Europe had before,
Good *Lancaſter*, in goodneſſe ſuch a pearle,
That him the vulgar ſort did long adore,
Had then his head ſtrooke off, and many more
Euen of the greateſt felt the ſelfe ſame ſtroke ;
Solightning ſpares the ſhrub, and teares the Oke

366

The ſword was ſharpe, and wounded euery where;
Many great men of noble qualitie
In ſeueral Cities were beheaded there,
For being Actors in that trecherie,
Which alwaies proues a mournfull Tragedie.
For though I know the ſword is due to ſuch,
Yet ſhould a Prince forbear to ſtrike too much.

(97)

367

For often executions in a state,
(Especially of men of fashion,)
First stir vp pittie, then dislike, then hate,
Then close complaint, then combination,
Then followes practice for some alteration:
And that indangers all, if not withstood,
Yea, though vnprosperous, yet it spils much blood.

368

And the same Throne that's often wet with blood,
Is very slippry, apt to giue a fall;
Yeelding no houres rest, nor pleasures good;
Sleeping on thornes, and feeding vpon gall;
Still thinking, meditating ill of all:
Haunted with restless feares, whilst day doth last,
And then at night with fearefull dreames agast.

369

Stories report, our crook-backt *Richard* so,
(And without doubt he lausht too much blood)
Alwayes mistrustfull both of friend and foe:
Ready to strike them that but neere him stood,
Fearefull to all, such was his furious moode,
And fearing all, as one that knew too well,
How many soules did wish his soule in hell.

370

Oh that a Prince might see a Tyrants minde!
What Monsters, what *Chimeraes* therein are?
What horrors in his soule, he still doth finde?
How much himselfe, is with himselfe at war:
Zuer diuided, full of thought and care,
With Pistolls, Poniards, poysons he conceits,
And thinkes each one for his destruction waits.

G

Besides

371

Besides indeed, it is no policie,
 (Except it be in a meere Turkish state,)
 To make the Crowne a common butcherie;
 To gouerne all by feare, that breederh hate
 In noble minds; and doth exasperate
 A free borne people: so the Turkish race
 Doe best obey for feare, being poore and base.

372

Princes rewards should fall like gentle raine,
 Which falling softly, doth the longer last;
 That their sweet relish might still fresh remaine:
 Their executions should be done in haste,
 Like sudden furious stormes that soone are past:
 Because when once the violence is done,
 Th' offence thereof may be forgot and gone.

373

One limbe of that great body that did band
 It selfe against me in these factious fraies,
 Was *Mortimer*, who yet, vpon command,
 Came in before the fight, and then straightwaies
 Was sent to th' Tower, to spend his weary daies
 In wretched bands, restrain'd from libertie;
 But walls of stone kept not out destinie.

374

Which etther finds or makes it selfe away:
 For *Mortimer* thus sent vnto the Tower,
 To free himselfe, still labours night and day,
 And by a sleepey potion, which had power
 To make men slumber till a certaine howre:
 He found the meanes (his keeper being fast)
 To make escape, and so to *France* made haste.

This

(99)

375

Nor was this done without my *Queenes* consent,
Whose head and hand were working in the same:
Little thought I that that way the Hare went;
But *Stephen Segrave* onely I did blame.
(Wretched mankind, how bold we are to frame
Hopes to our selues? how blind to see our ill?
That least we feare, what most doth hurt vs still.)

376

Doe but obserue, how much we straine at Gnats,
And swallow Camels downe without respect:
How hudwinkt are we to discerne those plots
That hurt vs most? How ready to suspect
Our friends for foes? how apt and prest t' effect
Our owne disaster? *Mortimer* gets free,
And others die, that lesse had wronged me.

377

And now I thought my selfe and State as sure,
As if great *Atlas* did vphold the same:
The drosse being purg'd, my gold must needs be pure:
The smoke once gon, my fire must brightly flame:
Their eyes were out, that mark'd and marr'd my game;
Th'auc neither hearts to dare, nor hands to reach,
Nor heads to plot, nor tongues that may impeach.

378

But hartlesse, haplesse, yea and headlesse too,
Are these disturbers of our awfull reigne:
That would prescribe their Prince what he should doe,
And when, and where, and why, and whom refraine;
Like Pupils whom their Tutors doe restraine:
To trie with edge-tooles is a dangerous thing,
And no way gainefull to controule a King.

G 2

Thus

379

Thus in a Calme, I fear'd no storme at all,
 But yet too soone a sudden Clowde did rise:
 From whence so store of wintry stormes did fall,
 That for my shrowde, no shelter could suffice,
 Vntill pale death had cloz'd my teare-full eies:
 Oh bring with you what-euer reades my fall,
 Sad thoughts, wet eies, and wayling woes withall.

380

And thus it was; I sent my *Queene* to France,
 And after her, the Prince my sonne I sent
 To treat a Peace: but see the fatall chance;
 They brought home warre, although for peace they
 Th' ambitious woman, she was fully bent. (went,
 To haue sole rule, and meant to put me downe;
 So *Ninus* once did lose both life and Crowne.

381

There is more mercy in the *Tygers* Clawe,
 Lesse venome in the *Scorpions* sting doth lie,
 More pitie in the hungry *Lyons* pawe,
 Lesse danger in the *Basiliske* his eye,
Hyena (that doth call the goers by,)
 The *Panthers* breath, and *Crocodiles* false teares,
 Haue truer hearts, then fairhlesse woman beares.

382

Let losers speake (for they will not be let)
 I lost my Crowne, my life I also lost,
 My glorious rising had a gloomy set:
 My wife the Sea, wherein my Barke was tost,
 The wrack wherein I suffer'd shipwrack most,
 She *Clytemnestra*, *Agamemnon* I,
 Whom false *Aegisthus* fouly caus'd to die.

His

383

His part, my Riual *Mortimer* did play,
 Whom *Isabel* my *Queene* so well did loue,
 That still in *France*, with him she meant to stay,
 As one that would the selfe-same fortunes proue,
 And moue none otherwise then he did moue:
 Meane while the *Cuckow* hatch'd in *Edwards* nest,
 And in my Boat, his Oare was liked best.

384

They that enioy, and ioy in their owne loue,
 Whose vertuous soules, no secret sinnes doe staine,
 Who neuer did vnlawfull pleasures proue,
 But truly louing, are so lou'd againe:
 Thrice happy they, and more contentments gaine,
 Then those that haue the change, & choise of many,
 And vsing all, are neuer lou'd of any.

385

For streames diuided, run a shallower course,
 Then they that in one Channell onely run:
 A minde vnchaste doth euer like them worse
 That are obtain'd, then those that are vnwon,
 Because it thinks some pleasure is to come,
 Which yet it hath not found; and neuer ill
 Did seeme so sweet, but something wanting still.

386

For how can sinne affoord a full delight,
 When euen at best it's but a meere priuation?
 As well may darkenesse be the cause of light,
 And Heau'n to Hell be turn'd by transformation,
 As wickednesse yeeld perfect contentation:
 Those pleasures onely are compleat and sound,
 Which haue from vertue both their root & ground.

G 3

But

387

But lust is deafe, and hath no care to heare
 The cunning Charmer, charme he ne're so well :
 Which did too much in *Isabel* appeare,
 Who still resolves with *Mortimer* to dwell :
 And now they both doe labour to expell
 Me from my kingdome ; and (to please the time,)
 They made my sonne the colour of their crime.

388

(And heere obserue the foule effects of lust,
 What treasons, murders, outrage from it springs ;
 How both to God and Man it proues vniust ;
 How it defiles all States, confounds all things ;
 And at the last to vtter ruine brings.
 Oh, how much purer is that holy fire,
 Which God doth blesse, and men themselues desire!)

389

As *Mortimer* and *Isabel* my Queene
 Practis'd in *France*, so heere they had their factions
 Of Earles and Barons, men of great esteeme ;
 Both wise and stout to manage any actions :
 And the poore Commons (grinded with exactions)
 To Innouation were most easily led,
 And nothing wanted but an able head.

390

But he that was chiefe workman of the frame,
 Which drew the plot at home for all the rest,
 (Who afterwards did build vpon the same)
 A Bishop was ; yet Churchmen should be best,
 But oftentimes sinne lurks within their brest :
 When sacred titles, and religious names,
 Are but the Couers of vncomely shames.

Twas

391

'Twas *Tarleton*, whose great spleene and working braine
 Was the producer of this monster first;
 Who for some priuate wrong he did sustaine,
 An inward hate, and bosome treason nurst
 Against his Prince, which afterwards did burst
 Into these open flames, from whence did grow
 As hatefull Ills, as euer age could show.

392

May then Religion be a cloake for sinne?
 Can holiest functions serue but for pretences?
 Are Church-men Saints without, and deuils within?
 Dare men make good a colour for offences?
 Know'st thou not with what wrath God recompences
 Eu'n simple sinners that scarce know his will? (ill?)
 How much more those, whose knowledge serues but

393

Most reuerend Priest-hood, thou art now prophan'd:
 How comes thy glorious luster so obscure,
 That eu'n thy title is now defam'd?
 The cause is plaine, Professors are impure,
 Their liues doe hurt, more then their tongues doe cure:
 For Lay-men thinke all lawfull which they doe,
 And on that thought are easily drawne thereto.

394

And so there growes a confluence of all sinne:
 For sheepe will wander, if the shepheard stray; (swim;
 Small boats must drowne, when great ships cannot
 If Doctors faile, what shall poore pupils say?
 God helpe the blind, if cleere eyes misse the way:
 Though sinne doth euer draw with it a curse;
 Yet doth the Author make the sinne the worse.

395

But to my selfe, I doubted what to doe;
 For weightie causes challenge heedfull care:
 I fear'd the French, I fear'd my subiects too;
 I wanted Crownes, the sinnewes of the war:
 Those that I had, I thought not good to spare,
 But freely sent them to the King of *France*,
 For feare he should his sisters part aduance.

396

Whereby from thence she had no aide at all;
 (Oh what a pleasing Orator is gold!
 How well he speakes that tels a golden tale?
 How sweetly sounds it both to young and old?
 And yet it loues not to be heard, but told,
Orpheus did make the stones strange wonders doe:
 But this can moue both stones and *Orpheus* too.)

397

Which when my Queene and *Mortimer* perceiu'd,
 They leauing *France*, to *Henault* went for aid;
 And there with honour they were well receiu'd,
 Forces prepar'd, and Ensignes were displaid,
 And ships were rigd, and nothing was delaid,
 That might aduance their enterprife begun:
 So deepest sea's with smoothest silence run.

398

They tooke the Sea, and landed at the last
 At *Orwell* Hauen, a deadly gulfe to me:
 And thither their Confederates did haste,
 Both Lords and Commons seemed to agree,
 As winds and waues consent when wracks shall be:
 All turne their faces to the rising Sunne,
 Because my date was out, and I vndone.

But

399

But when the voyce of Eagle-winged fame
 Had spread abroad the cause of their repaire:
 And seemed still to iustifie the same,
 By due succession of my sonne and heire:
 My hope to feare, my feare turn'd to despaire,
 And my despaire on these two grounds was laid,
 My Peeres were false, my Partizans dismaid.

400

Then did I flee from *London* where I lay,
 Because they seemed partially affected;
 And in my flight did often weepe and say,
 To what hard haps (poore Prince) art thou subiected!
 What gloomy starres haue thus thy state infected,
 That they should hate, who ought to loue thee rather,
 A haplesse king, a husband, and a father?

401

Most mighty Monarchs haue beene oft distressed,
 Whom yet their wiues haue lou'd with tender care:
 And many in their matches curst, are blest
 Yet in their issue, but my cause is rare:
 In all of them, my fortunes fatall are;
 They wrong me most that should protect me rather,
 A haplesse king, a husband, and a father.

402

Some say, that Kings are gods vpon the earth;
 And marriage, *quasi* merry-age some surmise.
 God giue vs ioy, they say, at childrens birth:
 What god am I, whom traitrous men despise?
 And marre-age from my marriage doth arise:
 There reape I care, where most content should ga-
 A haplesse king, a husband, and a father. (ther:
 And

403

And thus I fled, my *Queene* pursu's amaine;
 So runnes the Hare for life, the Hound for prey.
 Few follow'd me, but thousands were her traine :
 So flies swarme thickest in the Sunne-shine day.
 At last at *Oxford* did she make some stay
 With all her troopes, there to deliberate
 What course to take with me, and with the State.

404

There did her Tutor *Tarleton* thinke it fit,
 Of their chiefe drift remonstrance for to make;
 Who being of good discourse, and pregnant wit,
 To broach the matter, first did vndertake:
 He preach'd, his text was this, *My head doth ake* :
 Whereon dilating, he did seeme to proue,
 That Subiects might a King (their Head) remoue.

405

And in that compasse he included me,
 And so concluded I should be depos'd;
 A dangerous and detested heresie,
 By some infernall fury first compos'd
 In hell, where long the Monster lay inclos'd,
 Till impious spirits, swolne with insolence,
 To curbe all Christian Princes, brought it thence.

406

Why should such diu'lish principles be broach'd,
 By them that seeme to bring Gods Embassie?
 Why should the Pulpit be so much reproach'd,
 As to be made a place to tell a lie,
 To serue a turne to such impietie?
 But they that onely their owne ends affect,
 Nor God, nor man, nor heauen, nor hell respect.

No

No worthy minde will charge me to disclose,
 With cursed *Cham*, my fathers secret shame;
 Though my free Muse doe somewhat touch at those
 Of holy Church, whose actions full of blame,
 Haue sold themselues (not function) with defame:
 Nor is it a wonder, though these blinded times
 Did hatch both monstrous men, & monstrous crimes.

William, whose sword did seat him in his Throne,
 Brought with him *Odo*, Bishop of *Bayone*;
 Whose pride, whose lust, whose irreligion,
 Whose symonie to buy the See of *Rome*,
 Incenst his brother to iust wrath, by whom
 Th' aspiring Priest in prison was restrain'd,
 And not releas'd as long as *William* raig'n'd.

And had the head-strong man been still held in,
 (*Rufus*) thy raigne had been more easie farre:
 For hauing head, he labour'd still to win
 Such discontented spirits, as alwaies are
 Apt to giue fire vnto a ciuill warre;
 And the corrupted humours drawne to head,
 In Prince and State great inflammations bred.

When second *Henry* wore the *Diadem*,
 How did ambitious *Becket* toyle the State?
 Who made the Pope to interdict the Realme?
 Who with the French King did confederate?
 Who vnder hand nurst man and wiues debate?
 Who drew the sonne to armes against the sire?
 But *Becket* he 'twas kindled all the fire.

What

411

What bitter storme had almost wrackt the State
 By Clergies practice, whilst King *John* did raigne?
 Six yeeres the Realme stood excommunicate,
 And vnder interdiction did remaine,
 People and Peeres drawne from their Soueraigne;
 And *Lew's* of *France* brought in to weare the Crowne,
 If by his forces *John* were shoulder'd downe.

412

Who almost sinking with so rough a blast,
 (Finding himselfe vnable to withstand)
 To saue his Crowne, was forced at the last,
 For to resigne vnto the Pope this Land,
 And by a rent to farme it at his hand:
 Then all was well, the Clergies turne was seru'd,
Lewis was curst, and *John* had well deseru'd.

413

Doe Kingdomes then serue but for Tennis-balls,
 For Prelacy to racket vp and downe?
 Must Scepters be dispos'd by Bishops Palls?
 Or shall a Prince make forfeit of his Crowne,
 If a poore Prelate chance to fret and frowne?
 If they can carry it so, I like their wit:
 But sure I am, 'tis not by holy Writ.

414

When *Straw* his base rebellious troopes did gather,
 And drew the Commons to a dangerous head:
 One *Ball* a Priest, (or one of *Balls* priests rather)
 By close seditious Libels which they spread,
 By Rimes, and old said Sawes, he much misled
 The vulgar sort, and made their madnesse more,
 Which in it selfe did rage too much before.

When

415

When *Lancaster* King *Richard* did depose,
 His chiefe Assistant (*Thomas Arundell*,
 Primate of *England*) did absolute all those
 That ioyn'd in that foule action, to expell
 Their rightfull King, and did in substance tell
 The very tale that *Tarlton* earst had told:
 So oft this Realme by them was bought and sold.

416

Whil' st *Humfrey* Duke of *Gloucester* rul'd the State,
Henry the sixt then being vnder age,
 What bloody tumults with intestine hate,
 Were here vntimely rais'd by *Beaufords* rage?
 Which was so fell, that nothing could assuage
 His rank'rous spleene: nor would he stint the strife,
 Till by foule practice *Gloucester* lost his life.

417

Richard the third, that did vsurpe the Crowne,
 And swomme through blood to get the kingly place;
 Had he not *Shaw*, a Clerke of great renowne,
 (Before that time much in the peoples grace)
 Who at *Pauls Crosse* did bastard *Edwards* race,
 Defam'd the dead, forg'd, wrested, soothed sinne,
 Ventur'd his soule, a tyrants loue to win.

418

But stay, I handle with too hard a touch,
 The Churches wounds, that now are fairely heal'd:
 Then were the hudwincke-times, then were they such
 In those darke dayes; now is the truth reueal'd;
 Now are those former errors all repeal'd;
 And now the Sunne illumines all our clime,
 Most learned Fathers, answer ye the time.

Be

419

Be(as you should be)Lamps to giue vs light,
 And shining Starres to grace the Firmament:
 Though you do teach,and we beleecue aright;
 Yet minds vnsettled sooner will be bent,
 When they shall see your words and workes consent:
 And therefore let your liues,your faith expresse,
 And prooue by practice what you doe professe.

420

Whilst I my selfe,my *Queene*,and *Tarleton* plaid,
 The Pageants thus,the Current went so swift,
 That I thought fit(vntill the fury staid)
 In some close priuate place a while to shift;
 And(for the Land seem'd crosse vnto my drift,)
 I did resolute by Sea to seeke some clime,
 Where I might harbour till some happier time.

421

And so I left the Land,and tooke the Seas;
 But sea and Land conspir'd vnto my taking:
 For neither plaints,nor prayers could appease (king
 The windes and waues,which far'd, as they were ma-
 Sharp war betwixt themselves, whilst I stood quaking,
 For feare lest I (the subiect of their strife)
 Should end their warre by ending of my life.

422

And yet thrice happy had poore *Edward* been,
 If death had ended then his wearie dayes:
 But cast on shoare in *Wales*,I liu'd vnscene
 In Pathes,in Woods,in vnfrequented waies,
 With those few friends which whilom I did raise,
Balduck and *Redding*,young *Spencer*,and no more,
 Who in my fall their ruine did deplore.

Of

(III)

423

Of all the swarmes that follow'd kingly raigne,
Of all the friends that fawn'd on awfull pride,
This onely one poore remnant did remaine:
A true loue-knot, with sad affliction tide:
Whose suffering, and whose sorrowes were t' abide,
For wretched men compassionate each other,
And kinde compassion is afflictions mother.

424

Oh see what quicke sands honour treads vpon!
How Icie is the way that greatnesse goes?
A mightie Monarch late attended on,
With supple hammes, smooth browes, submissiue
For many followers, now hath many foes. (shewes:
" False fawning friends from falling fortunes runne,
" As *Persians* vlc to curse the setting Sunne.

425

When *Ioue* had made the chiefe of all his Creatures,
Whom we call man (a little world indeede)
The gods did praise his well porportioned features,
Each in their functions seruing others neede.
But prying *Momus* (taking better heed)
Obserr'd at last one error in his Art:
Because he made no windowes in his heart.

426

Oh that the glorious Architect of man
Had made transparent glassees in the brest;
What place should be for Politicians than?
How should dissembling growe in such request?
And Machiauellian Atheisme prosper best?
But temporizing is the way to clime:
There is no musicke without keeping time.

(112)

427

I shall not doe amisse, if I doe sing
Those heauy Anthemes our sad Consort made:
Whilst they did warble with their wretched king,
As we did sorrowing sit in silent shade,
The sudden downefall reeling greatnesse had:
Balducke (quoth I) out of *Philosophie*,
Extract some medicine for our miserie.

428

Deare Prince (quoth he) whom late our eyes beheld,
In greatest glory that the world could see:
Whilst thou with awfull maiestie didst wield
The publike State, let it no wonder be,
If some few Stars proue opposite to thee:
Since in their fauour none so firmly stood,
But they haue giuen griefe as well as good.

429

Doe but obserue the favorite of Chance,
Her chiefest Minion, highest in her Grace,
(*Philips* great sonne) whom shee did so aduance,
Who did subdue the East in little space,
Vnto whose Armes th' amazed world gaue place:
Whose actions are the subiect of all stories;
He poyson'd, dies, amidst the world of Glories.

430

I will not wade too deepe in tragick tales:
Let this suffice, all greatnesse is vnure:
Stormes rage more fiercely on the hills then dales,
Shrubs better then high Cedars winds indure,
Those Colours soonest staine that are most pure:
Oh let him graspe the Clouds, and span the skies,
That can assure himselfe felicities!

In

(113)

431

In all that this same massie world doth hold,
There is a certaine mixture to be found,
Either of drie, or moist, or hot, or cold,
Of which, if any one too much abound,
The bodie oft afflicted proues vnfound,
But being kept in iust proportion,
They do maintaine a happy vnion.

432

So fares it in our fortune and our State,
Nothing is simply sweet, or simply sower.
Our wealth is mixt with woe, our loue with hate,
Our hope with feare, and weaknes with our power.
Bright moones breed mists, the fairest morne a showre,
And as there is an Autumne and a Spring,
So change by course is seene in euerie thing.

433

The winde that's now at South, will change to Nore,
The greenest Groues will turne to wither'd hay,
The Seas both ebbe and flow at euerie shore;
The Moone doth wax and wane, yet not decay,
Day drawes on night, and night drawes on the day:
Our selues once babes, now men, then old, straight
Do plainly proue a change in euerie one. (none,

434

Wise Politicians, and deepe sighted sages,
That haue discourst of Common wealths with care,
Both of our time, and of precedent ages,
Obserue in them a birth when first they are,
A growth which oft extendeth verie far,
A state wherein they stand (so change withall)
And then at last a dismall fatal fall.

In

H

Rome

435

Rome had her being first from *Romulus*,
 Her growth from *Consuls* that were at Annuall:
 Her State most flourish'd in *Octavian*,
 Many conuersions, these most principall,
 From kings to *Consuls*, last Emperiall,
 And who sees not she is now ruined,
 And in her Ruines now lies buried?

436

The greatest and best grounded Monarchie,
 Hath had a period, and an overthrow;
 There is no constant perpetuities,
 The streame of things is carried to and fro,
 And doth in euer-running Channels goe.
 If then great Empires are to changes bending,
 We weaker States are warned from their ending.

437

Ruines of kingdoms, and their fatall harmes,
 From one of these same causes do arise,
 From Ciuill furie, and from forren Armes,
 Or from some plague doom'd from the angrie skies,
 Or worne by wasting time, dissolued dies:
 For as the fruit once ripe, falls from the tree,
 So Common-wealths by age subuerted be.

438

If these be rocks that shipwrack Monarchies,
 Are priuate States exempted from the same?
 Where liues the man hath such immunities?
 'Tis hard to scape vnscorch'd in common flame,
 Or parts to stand when ruin'd is the frame.
 Those publike harmes, that Empires do decay,
 In priuate states do beare a greater sway.

(115)

439

Five hundred yeeres, some, that are curious wise,
Would haue the period of a publike State:
And they appoint for priuate families,
Some sixe or seuen descents, the vtmost date.
I dare not so precisely calculate;
But without doubt there is a fixed time,
In which all States haue both their set and prime.

440

Let these be motives (oh dejected great One!)
To calme the tempest of thy stormie care:
And though I must confesse, it well may fret one,
The past and present fortunes to compare;
Yet since in all things changes common are,
Thinke eb'd estates may grow, and think withall,
What hapsto one, to euery one may fall.

441

Thus *Baldocke* chas'd, and *Reading* thus began,
But first his eyes dewd downe a weeping raine,
Oh thou (once glorious) now eclipsed Sunne:
Now thou art clouded, yet must cleere againe.
With courage therefore hopefull thoughts retaine:
For oft those winds that draw the clouds together,
By their disperse occasioneth faire weather.

442

But I intend no comment on this text,
Nor will I harrow that which he did sowe,
What I apply to thy sad soule perplext,
With those dismayes, that from thy fortunes flow,
Out of th'assured groundsof truth doth grow:
Then make good vse thereof, and learne thereby
This soueraigne salue for thy sad malady.

H 2

All

443

All things that boundlesse thought can once conceiue:
 Sacred, prophane, of Elements compos'd,
 Vnbodied Spirits, or what else doth receiue
 A being, when or where, or how dispos'd,
 Within one triple Circle are inclos'd.
 Being eternall or perpetuall,
 Or else indeed, but meerely temporall.

444

That is eternall, which did not begin,
 Nor euer ends: And onely God is so,
 Who hath for euer, and for euer bin,
 Whom no place circumscribes, nor times forgoe,
 Nor limits bound, nor thoughts can fully know:
 Whom we so much the more ought to admire,
 How much the lesse to knowledge we aspire.

445

That is perpetuall which in time began,
 But neuer any time shall end againe:
 Such are the Angels, such the soule of man;
 Such are those Sprites that liue in restless paine,
 (Rebellious spirits against their Soueraigne.)
 All these were made as pleas'd the Makers will,
 Once to begin, but to continue still.

446

Lastly, those things are counted temporall,
 Which had beginnings, and shall haue their ends:
 And in that ranck the world it selfe doth fall:
 So honour, riches, strength, allies and friends,
 All which by nature to corruption bends,
 And in this fence 'tis true Philosophie,
 What doth begin, shall end most certainly.

And therefore make not things so weake and vaine
 To be thy god, as if they were eternall:
 Nay, doe not prize them as an equall gaine,
 Vnto thy soule, which is perpetuall.
 But hold them, as they are, but temporall.
 And since their nature is, to cease to be,
 Thinke they obserue but their due course with thee.

The spacious world is Fortunes Tennis-Court,
 Men are the Balls, which with her Racket (Time)
 Shee tosses to and fro, for her disport,
 Sometimes aboue, sometimes beneath the line,
 Now bounding, straight strooke dead, but yet in fine
 All goe into the hazzard, that's the Graue,
 And they once gone, shee other balls must haue.

So silent he, and then spake *Spencer* so,
 To my discourse (deare Prince) vouchsafe thine cares,
 And since we all doe share alike in woe,
 Let me haue leaue to tune my voyce like theirs,
 Vnited forces, greater vertue beares,
 And all of vs, leuell our simes at this,
 To make thee thinke the world but as it is.

Which (oh) that our experience prou'd not true,
 Would we did sit vpon the quiet Strand,
 And thence behold the Rack that should ensue,
 And pittie others, we secure on land;
 But our estates in doubtfull hazzard stand:
 Succeeding ages in our fall may reade,
 How all things hang but by a slender thread.

451

Such is the sad condition of each State,
 Annexed to it by eternall doome,
 Which is enrolled in the booke of fate,
 From whence the least occurrents heere do come,
 That happen from the Cradle to the Toombe.
 For though our fortunes seeme but casuall,
 The finger of the Highest is in all.

452

And 'tis a worke of his all-guiding will,
 Whose boundlesse knowledge sees which is the best,
 In our whole life, to mingle good with ill,
 Contents with crosses, quiet with vnrest,
 Left we should hold the world in such request,
 That for the same we should abandon heau'n,
 And sowre our selues with too much earthly leau'n.

453

For who sees not how much the world bewitches?
 Who feels not how the flesh is apt to yeeld?
 Especially made insolent with riches,
 How hard it is prosperitie to wield?
 How proudly sitteth sinne with such a shield,
 When lustfull ease, and full satietie,
 And pleasing tongues still draw on vanitie?

454

We may euen of our selues an instance make:
 When did we entertaine such thoughts as these?
 Or when did we this theame for Subiect take,
 Whilst sinne (begot with greatnesse, nurst with ease,
 Confirm'd with vice) did seeke all meanes to please
 The pleasant humor, that did most delight,
 And fram'd our wills, according to our might?

But

455

But now afflicting sorrow doth assaile vs,
 We tune our Consort to another key:
 We change our minds, because our meanes do faile vs,
 And those lew'd motives being remou'd away,
 Which did induce vs so to run astray,
 We now recall our wandring thoughts againe,
 And from our troubles take our truest aime.

456

Oh sad affliction I though thou seeme seuerer,
 Yet oftentimes thou draw'st vs vnto God,
 Who strikes for to instruct, and clouds to cleere:
 So doth the tender father vse the Rod,
 So bitterst herbs in med'cine oft are sod:
 Of easie Raines, who doth no reck'ning make,
 Must needs be ridden with a rougher brake.

457

If thus thou dost account, thou reck'nest euen,
 And thou shalt summe thy sorrowes with delight:
 God strikes on earth, that he may stroke in heauen;
 He gives a Talent, when he takes a Mire:
 And lest thy soule should liue in endlesse night,
 He sends his Herauld only to this end,
 That thou might'st be his follower by thy friend.

458

He ceast, I said, *Spencer*, I find it true,
 Eu'n from my selfe I can the prooffe deriue,
 Calamitie doth fashion vs anew.
 Remorsefull grieve into the soule doth diue,
 And sorrow makes repentant thoughts to thriue:
 But full sad soules and fortunes soaring hie,
 Thinke neither how to liue, nor how to die.

H 4

I

459

I must confesse the truth, the time hath bin
 Whilst my sweet canded fortune lasted still,
 I neuer thought on things that were vnseene;
 I only was obsequious to my will.
 My sence my god, whose helts I did fulfill.
 And my deluded soule did place her good,
 Only in that, that pleas'd my wanton blood.

460

How often did I plot impictie,
 And fashon it vpon my sinfull bed,
 Still hunting after fresh varietie,
 Longing to act, what was in fancie bred!
 How much were all occasions welcomed,
 By which I might adde heat vnto my fire!
 And still new formes were fram'd by my desire.

461

And that I might do ill without controule,
 Without all Check or touch of conscience;
 How often did I say vnto my soule,
 Inioy a present good, be ru'd by sence,
 Not by opinion or conceipt, from whence
 Some curious braines haue forg'd strange nouelties.
 But be thou wise, and follow realties.

462

Be Spencer, now I finde, I was a foole,
 And like *ixlon* did a Cloude imbrace,
 Calamitie hath set me now to schoole,
 Where though I feele more grieffe, I find more grace,
 And now I see, how wretched was my case,
 Whilst being bewitch't with false felicitie,
 I thought religion but mere policie.

But

463

But now my soule grieues with the weight of sinne,
 And I lye prostrate at my Makers feet,
 I do confesse, how sottish I haue beene,
 How my distast hath taken sowre for sweet :
 I find a God, whose iudgements now I meet :

Dam'd Atheist thou, that saiest there is no God,
 Thou wilt confesse one, when thou feel'st his rod.

464

Let *Pharoh* liue at rest, and he will wage
 War against Heauen, and aske, Who is the Lord ?
 Nay more and more, the Tyrant still shall rage,
 Till God draw forth his sharpe-auenging sword,
 Till his iust plagues no breathing time afford.

Then I haue sinn'd, pray for me, let them goe,
 And then who goe's as *Pharoh*, learns to know.

465

So doth the sharpest bryer beare sweetest rose,
 And bitterst medicines purge the bodie best.
 How wondrously doth God his works dispose,
 That eu'n by crosses he can make vs blest,
 And hath our chiefest ioy in sorrowes nest !

Then let vs not repine against his doome,
 But weaue our web, as we haue warp'd our loome.

466

And Reading of the world: thou reade'st right:
 It is indeed but meerely temporall :
 Eu'n those deare pleasures, wherein men delight,
 Friends, honours, riches, all are casuall,
 And as they haue their honey, so their gall :

Ther's nothing certaine in the world, but this,
 That euery worldly thing vncertaine is.

These

467

These were our parlies as we sate alone;
 These tearefull tributes daily were defrayd:
 Now did we walke and weepe, now sit and grone,
 Till faithlesse *Welsh*, me (friendly wretch) betrai'd
 Into their hands, who straightwaies me conuaid
 To *Kensworth*, where I imprison'd lay,
 And neuer after saw one blisfull day.

468

For first I was depos'd by Parliament
 From Princely rule, as one not fit to reigne;
 Both Peeres and people all did giue consent,
 That I, vnking'd, in durance should remaine;
 And sent their Agents to me to explaine,
 That if I would not to the same resigne,
 They'd choose a Prince out of some other line.

469

Oh English Peeres, weigh what you take in hand!
 Locke but with iudgement into your designe:
 That which you now attempt, will wrack the land,
 The wounds whereof wil bleed in after-time;
 And babes vnborne, will curse your hatefull crime:
 For what to doth peruert the course of things,
 Wrath, enuy, death, and desolation brings.

470

There is a lawfull and a certaine right,
 Which alwaies must be kept inviolate:
 And being infring'd by practice or by might,
 Drawes fearefull iudgements downe vpon the State:
 Then you or yours will wish, although too late,
 That I had kept my rightfull intrest still,
 And you had not been Agents in this ill.

When

(123)

471

When your owne children shall each other wound,
And with accursed hands gore others brest;
When ciuill fury shall your State confound,
Then will you say, his ghost is not at rest.
He 'tis whom vainely we haue disposselt,
The second *Edward*, for whose sacrifice,
Your nephewes then shall play a bloody prize.

472

Neuer, oh neuer was the rightfull course
Of this our Crowne peruerterd or suppress,
But still the same hath beene a farall source
Of many mischiefes, and of much vnrest:
And as the land hath beene therewith oppress,
So the Vsurper neuer kept it long
In any quiet, what he got with wrong.

473

William, who with his sword did win the Crowne,
Setting by conquest, what he kept with care,
The true and lawfull heire being shoulderd downe,
Like a wood Lion (his owne word) did fare
Against the English, whom he did not spare,
Or young or old, that were of worth or place:
And for the rest, he yok'd with bondage base.

474

And as he toild the land with his vnrest:
Tasted he his share of miserie.
Robert rebels, a bird of his owne nest:
The Normans brake forth into iniury:
The oppressed English hatcht conspiracie;
Alwayes in forreine brawles or ciuill strife;
And so wastes forth a wretched weary life.

Nay

475

Nay, Death, the period-maker of all moane,
 Eu'n against nature followes him with spight,
 The mighty Prince by thousands waited on,
 Being dead, is left alone, forsaken quite,
 No sonne, no friend to doe him his last right,
 None that vouchsaf'de to giue him buriall;
 But vnregarded lay, despis'd of all.

476

Nay more, the ground where he should be interr'd
Anselme fitz Arthur, his dead bones to spight,
 Claim'd as his owne, a thing scarce euer heard,
 And, for the Prince there dead by lawlesse might,
 Had worm'd him out of that which was his right:
 On Gods behalfe, he did forbid them all,
 Within his earth to giue him buriall.

477

Nor would he cease the challenge he had made,
 Nor yet durst they interre his corps therein,
 Vntill a summe of money was defraide,
 With which they paid the ransom for his sinne.
 So much adoe had this great Prince to win
 That, which none doth the poorest wretch deny,
 A bed of peace, where his dead bones might lye.

478

Nor was the streame of miserie thus staied,
 The date of our affliction lasted still:
 There is not yet sufficient ransom paid,
 The ill got Scepter must be swaid as ill.
Rufus succeeds, and still more blood doth spill:
 Still hauecks more, and still doth tyrannize,
 Vntill by sudden violence he dies.

Nor

479

Nor did the Crowne stand well on any head,
 Till *Beuclark* got the Scepter in his hand,
 Who to the *Saxon Maude* being married,
 Some beames of comfort cheer'd the drooping land,
 And then our state in peacefull tearmes did stand,
 Till *Henry* di'd and *Stephen* vniustly got
 The Crowne, and set new troubles here on foot.

480

Then burst there forth an all-consuming flame,
 The Empresse *Maude* sought to acquire her right:
Stephen had the Crowne, and he would keepe the same,
 Vntill she could recouer it by fight:
 Then follow'd all the hostile A&S of might,
 Sword, fire, rapes, murthers, leagers, waste & wrack,
 And nothing of extremeſt ills did lack.

481

So hath iniust ſucceſſion ſcourg'd this Realme.
 At length *Stephen* dies after a wretched raigne:
 Then ſecond *Henry* weares the Diadem,
 In whom the rightfull title did remaine,
 And then our ſtate did happy fortunes gaine:
 Then did our ſtrength encrease, our bands extend,
 And many Nations to our yoake did bend.

482

Then *Richard* his braue ſonne did next ſucceed,
 In a iuſt courſe of all things proſper'd well,
 In *Syria* he did many a worthy deed:
 The Eaſterne world of his exploits can tell,
 And many thouſand miſcreants ſent to hell:
 By thoſe vnconquer'd armes haue prou'd long ſince,
 That *Cor-de-lion* was a Peereleſſe Prince.

He

Nor

483

He dead, young *Arthur* should haue had the Crowne,
 The sonne of *Jeffrey*, who was *Henries* sonne,
 Had not King *John* his vncle put him downe:
 Who being hal'd on by ambition,
 Diuerts the course of true succession,
 Makes himselfe King, vsurps the Princes name,
 And murders *Arthur* to secure the same.

484

And now (oh) now begins our Tragedie,
 Where death and horror onely Actors are;
John gouernes, as he got preposterously,
 And doth both with his Peeres and Clergie iarre:
 Then *Ianus* sets wide ope the gates of warre,
 And then the land with blood was ouerflowne,
 And none could safely call his owne, his owne.

485

Then were the Cities sackt, the fields laid waste,
 The Virgins forc'd, the marriage bed defil'd:
 Then were the ancient Monuments defac'd,
 The Ports vntraffick'd, landed vp and spoild,
 Eu'n God himselfe seem'd here to be exil'd:
 The land was curs'd, all sacred rights were bar'd:
 And six yeeres space no publick prayers were heard.

486

Then did the King lease forth the Realme to *Rome*,
 Then did the Peeres of *France* betray the Crowne:
 Oh Heauens great King, how fearefull is thy doome?
 How many mighty plagues canst thou powre downe,
 Vpon a Nation, when thou please to frowne?
Arthur, it was the wrong done thee of late,
 That made the Heauen so to afflict our State.

Ob

(127)

487

Oh no, although third *Henry* was the man,
In whom the lawfull title was inuested,
For *Arthur* dead, the right was then in *John*;
And *John* deceast, the same in *Henry* rested,
Yet that the world should see how God detested
Such wrongfull meanes, acts so vniustly done,
The fathers whip is made to scourge the sonne.

488

For still the ciuill fury wounds the State,
During the time of *Henries* pupil age,
And still the Peeres swolne with intestine hate
Against their harmelesse Prince being vnder age,
Combine themselves with *France*, and when that rage
Was spent, the Barons warre broke forth againe.
So full of tumults was third *Henries* raigne.

489

He dead, my father *Louishanks* then did reigne,
And in due course succeeded next his sire;
Then all afflictions did begin to wayne,
And *England* did to peace and wealth aspire:
Nor did the streame of blisse flow euer higher,
Then when first *Edward* mannaged the State,
Prudent in peace, in warres most fortunate.

490

That noble Prince to me my breath did giue,
Whom I succeeded in a rightfull line:
You all haue sworne allegiance whilst I liue,
And will you now enforce me to resign?
Will you againe with wicked hands vntwyne
That sacred chaine, whereon depends our good,
And drowne this Iland once againe in blood?

Oh

491

Oh if you doe disorder thus the Crowne,
 And turne the lawfull course another way,
 If you vniustly wring from me my owne,
 You spinne a thread to worke your owne decay,
 And my Prophetick soule doth truely say,
 The time will come when this vniust designe
 Shall draw downe wrath on this vnhappy clyme.

492

And from my stock two branches shall arise,
 From whom shall grow such great disunion,
 As many thousand lyues shall not suffice
 To reunite them both againe in one.
England shall waste more deare bloud of her owne
 Against her selfe, then would suffice to obtaine
 All *France*, and conquer *Germany* and *Spaine*.

493

But when that men are bent to do amisse,
 Then all perswasions are but spent in vaine,
 The Parliament was resolute in this,
 That I their King no longer should remaine;
 Whereto, if I oppos'd my selfe, 'twas vaine,
 They were resolu'd, and my peruersnesse might
 Make them perhaps to doe my sonne lesse right.

494

Which when I heard, thinke how my soule did warre
 Within it selfe, which way I should decline;
 Deare was my sonne, my selfe was dearer farre;
 Through my eclipse, must I procure his shine?
 Cannot he raigne, vnlesse I now resigne?
 My father did desire I could get the Crowne,
 I liue, and now my sonne must put me downe.

My

495

My sonne ? alas poore Prince it is not he,
 For many wolues maske in that Lambes attire;
 Proud *Mortimer* 'tis thou vncrownest me,
 Luxurious *Queene* this is thy foule desire,
 And moody *Tarleton* bellows of this fire,
 'Tis thou that art the marrow of this sinne,
 My sonne doth serue but for the outward skin.

496

You are the wheelles that make this clock to strike
 My fatall houre, the last of all my good;
 For this is not the hight of your dislike,
 Death is the fruit, when treason is the bud;
 Such practises doe alwaies end in blood,
 When others stumble, Kings fall headlong downe,
 There is no meane betwixt a graue and Crowne.

497

For this is certaine, sinne doth alwaies finde,
 Within it selfe sufficient cause to feare,
 'Tis dangerous to trust a guilty minde,
 The Creditor remou'd, the debt's thought cleare,
 Men hate whom they haue wrong'd, and hating feare,
 And fearing will not cease till they haue prou'd
 All meanes by which the cause may be remou'd

498

Therefore would I might leade a priuate life
 In some sequestred place which none might see,
 Where I might see to reconcile the strife,
 That sinne hath made betwixt my God and me,
 Or if the ransome of my Crowne were free,
 My life from slaughter, little would I grieue,
 For none so wretched, but desires to liue.

I

And

My

499

And yet why should I lose or life or Crowne,
 Are liues, or Crownes so light and easie losses?
 'Tis vaine to aske why fortune lists to frowne,
 Or to enquire the causes of our crosses,
 When ships on sea, stormes, winds, and billowes tosses,
 It boots not aske why winds and stormes should rise
 For powerfull heauens respects not humane whies.

500

The stately Steed that champs the steellie bit,
 And proudly seemes to menace friend and foe,
 Doth sling and some, and boundeth oft, and yet,
 Poore beast perforce, he is infor'ct to goe,
 Euen so far'd I, and since it must be so;
 As good the same should seeme to come from me
 'I was best to will, what'gainst my will must be.

501

And so I made a solemne resignation
 Of all my right and title to my sonne,
 And herewithall an earnest protestation,
 Which was with sighes and weeping teares begun
 How much I grieu'd that I had so misdona
 As to procure thereby my peoples hate
 And so be thought vnworthy of the state.

502

Which since I was, I willingly would giue
 Vnto my sonne, my State and Maiestie,
 Desiring them to giue me leaue to liue,
 And not too much tread on my miserie:
 For I had once their faith and fealtie,
 Which though I now discharg'd and set them free,
 Though not obey, yet should they pittie me.

503

The Crowne had often made my head to ake,
 And I prai'd God my sonne felt not the same,
 Whom they should no lesse value for my sake,
 Since by his virtue he might salue my shame,
 And well I hop'd my president would rame
 All youthfull humours which are easily led
 Vnto those courses which confusion bred.

504

And heere though grieve my sences did orewhelme
 And I seem'd dead, yet that no barre might be;
 Sir Thomas Trussell Knight for all the Realme,
 Did then renounce obedience vnto me,
 And of all faith and seruice set them free,
 My Steward brake his staffe, my state before
 Was now discharg'd, and I was King no more.

505

Marke what pretences wrong can make of right:
 How loath men seeme 'gainst iustice to offend,
 Oh sacred virtue thou art full of might,
 When eu'n thy foes, thy title will pretend,
 As if thy onely shadow could amend
 All wrongfull acts, but now it's growne a vse
 Thou must be made a cloake to hide abuse.

506

But when I had thus parted with my Crowne,
 And did bewaile the waining of my State,
 Poore Prince said I, how low art thou cast downe
 From that high heau'n which thou enioyd'st of late,
 Thou hast no prospect but an iron grate,
 Thy costly hangings, ragged walles of stone,
 And all thy solace, solitarie moane.

I 2

Now

507

Now of a Cushion thou must make a Crowne,
 And play the mock-king with it on thy head,
 And on the earth thy Chaire of State sit downe,
 And why not so since thou art earthly bred?
 But for a Septer how wilt thou be sped?

Why take a brand, and shake it in thy hand,
 [And now thou art a king of high command,

508

All guiding heauen what change do I indure!
 I had wealth at will, but wealthy now in want,
 Then men my pleasure, now my grieve procure,
 Then change of houses, now in Chamber scant:
 Then thoughts of rest, now restless thought doth plant
 The sad remembrance of my wretched fate:
 What now I am, and what I was of late.

509

Me thinks the Birds vpbrayd me in their songs,
 And early sing my shame in euery place,
 Me thinks the waters murmur forth my wrongs,
 And in their Course, discourse of my disgrace,
 Me thinks, the Sunne doth blush to see my face,
 The whistling winds me thinks do witnesse this:
 No grieve so great as to haue liu'd in blisse.

510

When I complaine to Echo of head-aking,
 The sound's a King, and yet no King am I
 In silent night, when I my rest am taking,
 I dreame of Kings, yet I vnking'd do lie,
 And still sweet sleepe scales vp my weary eye,
 I cannot fixe my thought on any thing,
 But tells me straight that once I was a king.

That

511

That once I was (aye me) that now I am not,
 And now I am not, would I had beene neuer,
 Lesse feeles he want, tharyet to plentie came not,
 To haue beene happy, is vnhappy euer.
 But to forget my selfe, I will endeavour,
 And only this poore plain-song will I sing
 I was not borne nor shall I die a king.

512

In such Complaints I spent my wearie time,
 My Cousen *Leicester* well respecting me,
 Which to my foes did seeme a heynous crime,
 Who after consultation did agree,
 Some more obdurate should my keepers be :
 And *Gurney* and *Matreuers* Cosens were,
 To rid me of my life, them of their feare.

513

They that haue eares to heare of my extreames,
 And feeling hearts to comprehend my woes,
 And yet haue eies as drie as sunny beames,
 Where no moist teares (poore pitties tribute) flowes
 Within such mines, whole mines of marble growes,
 Flint-hearted men that pittie not my moane,
 Some *Gorgons* head hath turn'd your hearts to stone.

514

And what haue I to do with stonie hearts?
 With men of Marble what haue I to doe?
 I take no pleasure in *Pigmaliions* arts.
 I would not worke on stone, or marble woe.
 He lou'd his stonie maid, and Ioy'd her too,
 Shee was transform'd at his incessant moane,
 So were my foes, but chang'd from men to stone.

I 3

And

Tha

515

And would to God I had bin chang'd like them
 Then without sence, I should haue borne my paine,
 And senselesse, haplesse, and halfe happie men
 Who feele no grieve what need they much complaine,
 But I was touch'd being strooke in euerie vaine,
 That my despares to their desires might bring,
 The fatall period whence their feares did spring.

516

And first, they hurried me from place to place,
 That none might haue intelligence of me.
 They clothed me with garments vile and base,
 Vnlike my selfe, that I vnknowne might be,
 And least I should the cheeresfull day light see,
 I still remou'd, when *Soll* his course had run
 My day was night, and Mooneshine was my sunne.

517

I did lament, that woes to words might yeeld,
 And said (faire *Cynthia*) with whose bright Sunshine,
 This sable night doth beare a siluer shield,
 Yet thou art gracious to these griefes of mine,
 That with thy light dost cleere my drooping cine,
 Thou borrowest light to lend the same to me,
 I lightned those that my Eclipses be.

518

The glorious Sunne thy brother lends thee light,
 My sonne makes me obscure vnlike to thee,
Endymions loue, thou did'st with loue requite,
 My loue distresseth and disdaineth me.
 Yet both too like in often changing be,
 Oh no for thou being wain'd dost wax againe,
 But still her loue continueth to her waine.

Some

519

Some do ascribe the Oceans ebbes and flowes,
 Vnto thy influence working in the same.
 I wot not that, but this poore *Edward* knowes,
 Men ebbe and flow as fortune list to frame,
 Whose smiles or frownes, do make or marre our gaine,
 Then sure we all must stoope vnto her lure:
 When shee is false, how may our States be sure.

520

But cease faire *Phœbus*, cease thy beautionous shine,
 Spend not thy raies on such a wretch as I,
 'Gainst whom, the very heauens themselues repine
 Whose presence, all good-boading starres do flie,
 Then giue me leaue that I obscur'd may die,
 And suffer me (vnfought, vnseene) to goe,
 Some ease it is not to be knowne in woe.

521

And that the hony'd vapors of the night
 Might be of force to make weakenature faile,
 They made me ride cold, and bare-headed quite,
 To whom both hats and heads were wont to vaile,
 Whilst I with prosprous winde at will did faile.
 But now I was reproach'd with hatefull crimes,
 Oh times, oh men, oh change of men and times!

522

Thinke not that I was marble, not to haue
 A sence of ill, after a feeling fashion,
 Which made me sometimes for to fret and raue,
 Sometimes to weepe, and humbly beg compassion,
 As I was swaid, by variable passion,
 Remembring what I was some stormes did passe,
 And straight a Calme remembring what I was.

I 4

Traitors

523

Traitors (quoth he) why doe you vse me thus?
 Know you not me, forget you who I am?
 Was not great *Longshanks* father vnto vs?
 I Kingly *Edward*, second of that name?
 Why kneele ye not, oft haue ye done the same;
 Why should you not? since you are sworne to do it,
 And by our birthright, we are borne vnto it;

524

From forth the loynes of many Kings came I,
 This head hath beene impaled with a Crowne;
 And will you now a simple hat deny;
 I'll be reueng'd: they do not feare my frowne,
 Too well, too well, they know my sunne is downe,
 My day is done, now doth my night begin,
 And Owles, not Eagles vse to flee therein.

525

I haue beene grac't, let me be gracious now,
 I haue commanded, let me now request,
 Your sometimes King, hath humble knees to bow,
 And weeping eyes to craue some little rest,
 Mans heart is flesh, he hath no flinty brest,
 One *Aristomines* had a hairie heart,
 But you are stones, else would you rue my smart.

526

And that I might be wretched euery way
 That euery sence might haue his proper paine,
 The bird to whom *Promethens* was a prey
 The waking serpent that doth rest restraine
 Hunger I meane, did gnaw on me amaine,
 Hunger, fell hunger forced me to eat
 Such food as nature were made for meat.

I

§ 27

That *Lucullus* like was seru'd at will
 With whatsoeuer sea or land affords,
 Would now be glad of crummes to feed my fill,
 Such want doth often follow wastfull boards,
 Better the frugall fare of roots and goards
 That keepes the soule and body both in health
 And God doth blesse with grace encrease of wealth

§ 28

Camelions feed vpon the piercing ayre,
 I wish that nature had but made me such;
 The Salamander doth it's strength repaire,
 Amidst the fire, when it the flame doth touch
 Against whose happy stare I did not grutch
 But onely wisht my selfe to haue such meanes,
 For hunger is extreamest of Extreames.

§ 29

I thought sometimes to eat my very flesh,
 My brawnelesse armes would do some little good
 But still my stomack loathes so vild a messe;
 And would not serue me to digest my blood,
 My teeth should rather teare the stones for food,
 I'le soften them with teares and ceaselesse mones,
 But stones were hard, and men more hard then

§ 30

(stones.

And for to make me fret my selfe to death,
 They crost and thwarted me in euery thing,
 Sweet sugar words like to the *Panthers* breath;
 You pleasing tongues whose chimes so sweetly ring
 Where are you now, why sooth you not your King?
 Yea so you will, but that is not my case:
 And flattererstime not to the meanes or base.

How

531

How deadly is the venome of faire tongues (oyle;
 Whose Nectar-tearines doe seeme more smooth then
 And all the breath that commeth from their longs
 Is sweet in shew, but full of gall and guile,
 Belceue me, there's more danger in their smile
 Then in their frowne, for scene is soone detected,
 But they hurt most that are the least suspected.

532

Oh why are Princes like to brasen pots
 Which being great are lifted by the eares;
 Little see they their reaches, and their plots,
 Whose tongues are turn'd to sooth them many yeeres
 Till turnes be seru'd, and then it straight appeares,
 That hony gone, the combes are soone reiected
 And wanting meanes, the man is lesse respected.

533

May 'it please your highnesse, was my wonted stile,
 Whose pleasure now is valued lesse than mine?
 Did I looke cloudy who durst seeme to smile?
 Or was I pleasant, who durst then repine?
 Speake I, *Apolloes* words were lesse diuine,
 What ere I did, applause grac'd euery thing,
 And this the cause, because I was a King.

534

But now the spring time of my blisse is done,
 Those Nightingales that did so sweetly sing,
 In this my winter all are fled and gone,
 Nay turn'd to serpents that both hisse and sting,
 Thus bels to mariage feasts and burials ring,
 And this the cause, because I am no King,
 A King, no King, hap and mishap doth bring.

And

(139)

535

And that my words might vnrespected be,
And neither they nor I regarded ought,
They gaue it out my senses failed me,
And I was madde, and helpleslie distraught,
'Tis true, I haue beene madde and deerly bought,
My madnesse, I was madde, when I did blot,
My soule with sinne, when I my God forgot.

536

But now my senses are restor'd againe,
And I begin to see how madde I was,
To put my trust in things that are so vaine.
To change my heavenly gould for earthly glasse,
To dote on shadowes, letting substance passe,
And now my God hath purg'd that lunacie,
With bitter potions of Calamitie.

537

And oh this sicknesse is too generall,
The world doth labour of this madde disease,
This frantrick humor doth distract vs all,
We onely seeke the present sence to please,
And whilst we liue so we may floate at ease,
We quite forget the place where we must land,
The throne of iudgement where we all shall stand.

538

Why should mankind be so extremly madde,
As for the short fruition of vaine pleasure
Which often is reported when tis had,
To loose a soule more worth then worlds of treasure,
This is indeed a maddnesse aboue measure:
Thus once I saw'd, and therefore now I rue,
Thus reigne I now, and therefore so shall you.

And

539

And least my torments should but seeme to cease,
 Or breath a while, they would not let me rest.
 Of quiet sleepe, (the Harbinger of peace,
 The common Inne both vnto man and beast)
 My wearie eyes could neuer be possesse,
 My head wax't light, yet heauie was my heart
 Two contraries, one cause, but no desert.

540

I that had once, so many princely bowers,
 And in the same so many beds of state.
 With sweet perfumes and beautilous Parramoures,
 And melodie, such as at *Plutoes* gate,
 Once *Orpheus* plaid, and all, most delicate,
 To charme the senses and bewitch the soule,
 Must not now sleepe one howre without controule.

541

Oh Iustice what a tallie dost thou keepe
 Of all our finnes, and how thou pai'st them right,
 Though God doth winke yet doth he neuer sleepe,
 The eye of Heau'n sees in the darkest night,
 My sinfull wast of time, (then thought but light)
 Was chaulked vp, and now he payes the skore,
 With want of that, which I abus'd before.

542

Fond men (quoth I) you haue in all beene cruell,
 But yet in this, you are too much vnwise,
 If to my torments you will adde more fuell,
 You should permit some slumber to mine eies,
 That being wak'd fresh sorrow might arise
 Nor can I last, my strength with waking spent,
 For Bowes grow weake that neuer stand vnrent.

Beside

543

Besides continuall thinking of my woe,
 So dulls my senses that I feele the lesse;
 As parthes grow plaine whereon we alwaies goe,
 So hearts grow hard that neuer find redresse.
 And you will make me sencelesse by excesse,
 I know you hate me, shew your hate therfore,
 And let me slumber for to vex me more.

544

And that my greife might worke on me the more,
 By apprehension of my present fall;
 And sad remembrance of my state before,
 They wreath a Crowne of hay and there withall
 They Crowned me, and king eft soones did call,
 And said in scorne, God saue this Iolly king,
 Oh saue me God, whom deuills to death would

545

(bring,

And thou meeke Lambe that by thy precious blood,
 Did'st make attonemt 'twixt my God and me,
 Which was more soueraigne for a sinners good
 Then sweetest mirrh, or purest balme could be,
 See how these wicked men dishonor thee: (thorne
 The Sponge, the Speare, the Crosse, the Crowne of
 Thine ensignes are, and may not else be borne.

546

(hay,

Thy head was Crow'nd with thorne, mine but with
 Thou knewst no sinne, my sinnes the sand exceede,
 Well may I follow when thou leadst the way.

And (oh) that I might follow thee indeed,
 Then of the Tree of life my soule should feed.

My soule that hath none other hope but this
 Who will be thine, thou alwaies wilt be his.

Sweete

547

Sweet Saujour Christ, these are the hopes I haue,
 Though they afflict me, yet my soule is thine
 A tyrant cannot reach beyond the Graue,
 These fire trialls make me brighter shine,
 Thou canst relieue me when thou seest thy time,
 Or I shall end, or they at last will cease,
 Thou wilt giue patience, till thou giu'st release.

548

And that I might euen of my selfe be hated,
 They shau'd of all my beard in my disgrace;
 Their instrument, a Razer blunt, rebated.
 And from a filthy ditch neere to that place,
 They fetch't could muddy water for my face:
 To whom I said, that eu'n in their dispight, (right.
 I would haue warme, my teares should do that

549

(cies

These drops of brine that powre down from mine
 Mine eyes cast vp to heauens high glorious frame;
 That frame whence God all earthly deeds descries,
 That God that guerdons sin with death and shame,
 Shall witnesse, yea and will reuenge the same,
 That you haue bin most cruell to your king, (bring
 Whose death his doome, his doome your deaths wil

550

Vnmanly men remember what I was,
 And thinke withall what you your selues might be,
 I was a king, a powerfull king I was,
 You see my fall, and can your selues be free?
 But you haue friends, why you were friends to me:
 And yet you see how much your loue is chang'd,
 So others loues from you may be estrang'd.

But

551

But you are young, and full of able strength,
 And am not I, what boots my strength or youth,
 But now seeme firme, but both shall faile at length.
 Old age, cold ache and both sad grieve ensuerh,
 Both you are wise, the more should be your ruth,
 Of mine estate, whose rack may teach you this
 That hateful chance may clowde your greatest blisse.

552

You are not, no you are not beasts by birth,
 Nor yet am I made of a sencelesse stone:
 We all were fram'd, and all shall turne to earth,
 You should haue feeling soules for I haue one;
 Then seeme at least relenting to my moane,
 I pittie craue, and crauing let me haue it,
 Because one day your selues may need to craue it.

553

But these dead motiues could not worke at all
 In their sad steely hearts the least remorse,
 They rather added wormwood to my gall,
 And exercise of ills did make them worse
 So violent streames hold on their wonted course,
 And being flesh't in crueltie before,
 Use made the habit perfect more and more.

554

And least one torment should be left vntri'de
 They shut me in a Vault, and laid by me,
 Dead carkasses of men that lately died,
 That their foule stinck my fatall bane might be;
 These were the obiects that mine eyes did see,
 These smells I smelt, with these I did conuerse,
 And vnto these, these words I did rehearse.

Oh

555

Oh happy soules, whose bodies here I see,
 For you haue plaid your parts, and are at rest,
 Yet some way haplesse, ye may seeme to be,
 That with your bodyes, I am thus distrest,
 Perhaps you'd grieue, if that you knew at least,
 That by your meanes your King is thus tormented
 Grieue not deare soules for I am well contented.

556

'Tis not your bodies senselesse as they are,
 That doe inflict these torments on your King,
 But the fierce agents of proud *Mortimer*,
 From them my plagues proceed as from their spring,
 And (oh) iust heauen let them their tribute bring
 Backe to the Ocean whence they first did flow
 And in their passage still more greater grow.

557

But what poore soules haue you deseru'd so ill,
 That being dead you must want buriall;
 Nothing but this, I must my fates fulfill,
 And still be plagu'd with woes vnnaturall,
 My wretchednesse must still transcend in all,
 The liuing and the dead must doe me spight
 And you poore soules for me must want your right.

558

But you are happy free from sense of wrong,
 Here be your bodies, but your soules are well,
 Death doe not you forbear your stroke too long
 That with these happy soules, my soule may dwell,
 And soule be glad to goe, here is thy hell,
 And eu'n in this th'art happy that 'tis heere,
 Oh better so, then it should be else where.

What

559

What seest thou now but objects of disgrace? (spight?
 What dost thou heare, but scornes and termes of
 What dost thou touch, that is not vile and base?
 What dost thou smell, but stench both day and night?
 What dost thou tast, that may procure delight?

Thy sight, thy hearing, touching, tast and smell,
 All crie for heauen, for here is now their hell.

560

This darke some vault, the house of *Acheron*,
 These wicked men like fiends do torture me,
 These very Snakes resemble *Phlegeton*
 Mine acted sinnes like fearefull Iuries be.
 And he that would a whole infernall see

Let him obserue those torments I indure,
 And he shall finde them hells true portraiture:

561

The earth it selfe is wearie of my paine,
 And like a tender mother moanes for me;
 From me thou cam'st, returne to me againe,
 Within my wombe, i'll keepe thee safe, quoth shee,
 And from these vile abusers set thee free:

Neuer shall these fell Tyrants wrong thee more,
 He that paies death dischargeth euery score.

562

These bodies that thou seest, thy brothers were,
 Subiect to many wants, and thousand woes.
 They now are clear'd from care, and free'd from feare
 And from the pressing of insulting foes,
 And now they liue in loue, and sweet repose:

Thy selfe canst witnesse, that they feelee no woe,
 And as they rest, eu'n thou shalt rest theso.

K

Their

What

563

Their eies that whilst they liu'd oft rided teares
 Thou seest, how sweetly they enioy their rest.
 Those harsh vnpleasing sounds that deafe their eares
 Are turn'd to Angels tunes amongst the blest.
 Their soules that were with penſiue thoughts poſſeſt,
 Now in their makers boſome without end,
 Enioy that peace whereto thy ſoule doth bend,

564

And thou haſt need of peace, poore wretched ſoule,
 If euer any ſoule had neede of peace,
 God being in armes againſt thee doth inrowle
 All nature in his liſt which doth not ceaſe
 To fight againſt thee, and doth ſtill encreaſe
 Thy wretchedneſſe, forbear rebellious duſt,
 To war with him who is both great and iuſt.

565

Oh would to God, that I had di'd ere this,
 Then had my finnes beene fewer then they are,
 Then had my ſoule, long ſince repoſ'd in bliſſe,
 Which now is wandring ſtill in wayes of care,
 Lifes griefe exceeds lifes good without compare.
 Each day doth bring a freſh ſupply of ſorrow,
 Muſt wretched now, yet ſhall be more to morrow.

566

My carefull mother might haue helped me,
 When I lay ſprawling in her tender wombe,
 If ſhee had made her burdened belly be
 My fruitleſſe birth-bed, and my fatall tombe,
 Sure had ſhe knowne her ſonnes accuſed doome,
 Shee neuer would haue wrong'd her ſelfe ſo much
 To beare a wretch, ſaue whom was neuer ſuch.

My

567

My tender nurse is guiltie of these paines,
 She might haue put some poyson in my pappe,
 Or let me fall, and so dasht out my braines,
 When she full oft did daunce me on her lap,
 A thousand waies had freed me from mishap.
 But he, whom heauen ordaines to liue distrest,
 Death will delay to set that wretch at rest.

568

For Death's the wearie Pilgrims rest and loy,
 This world of woes, a hard and flintie way,
 Our birth the path that leads to our annoy,
 Our friends are fellow-passengers to day,
 And gone to morrow, honor is a stay,
 That either stopps, or leads vs all amisse:
 Pleasures are theeuers, that interrupt our blisse.

569

And in our passage as the way doth lie,
 We meete with seuerall Inns wherein we rest;
 Some at the Crowne are lodg'd and so was I
 Some at the Castle, that is now my nest,
 Some at the horne there married folkes do feast,
 Though men haue diuerse Inns, yet all men haue,
 One home to which they goe, and that's the graue.

570

Yet whilst we trauell fortune like the weather,
 Doth alter faire or foule, so doth our way:
 If faire, then friends like fowles do flocke together
 If foule, each man doth shift a seuerall way,
 Only our virtues, or our vices stay,
 And goe with vs, whose endlesse memorie,
 Doth make vs liue, or die eternally.

K 2

This

571

This is the freight that men cannot vnload,
 No not by death, therefore (mortalitie)
 Worke for thy selfe, whilst heere thou mak'st abode,
 For on the present hath dependencie,
 Thy fortunes endlesse blisse or miserie.
 And death's the Conuoy to conduct vs home,
 Come death to me, that I to rest may come.

572

Perhaps thou fear'st me being great and high;
 (Oh death) man were a thing intollerable
 Were he not mortall, but eu'n kings must die:
 No priuiledge doth against death enable,
 Both fat and leane are dishes for his table,
 The difference this, the poore one hath his graue,
 The great one he his Monument must haue.

573

Our fates may be conceiu'd, but not controul'd,
 Before our dated time we cannot die,
 Our daies are numbred, and our minnts tould.
 But life and death are destin'd from on high.
 And when that God that rules th'imperiall skie
 Shall find it fit, then thou shalt goe in peace.
 Meane while with patience looke for thy release.

574

Thus vnto care I pay its due complaint,
 And ioynd with all my tributarie teares
 Such my lament (for griefe finds no restraint,)
 As they at last did come vnto their eares,
 That by the Castle past, which caul'd such feares
 In their selfe-guiltie soules that vs'd me so,
 That they resolu'd by death to end my woe.

To

575

To which effect came letters from the Court,
 Written by *Tarlton* at the *Queenes* command,
 In such a Clowdie, and ambiguous sort,
 That diuerse wayes one might them vnderstand.
 By pointing them, that if they should be scand,
 He and his Letters might be freed from blame;
 And they delinquent that abus'd the same.

576

The words were these (*kill Edward doe not feare,*
Tis good) which being comman'd diuerslie
 As please the reader double sence may beare;
 Oh Art, thou art the worlds chiefe treasure
 But being imploy'd to practise villanie, (spring?)
 What Monstrous births from thy fowle wombe do
 So Grammar heere is made to kill a king.

577

This to effect, they first remoued me,
 From forth the Vault, where I before did lie,
 And made a shew as if they seem'd to be,
 Compassionated for my misery;
 And would hereafter grant immunitie
 For such vnworthy vsage, so we see
 The Sun shines hot before the shower will be.

578

But being ouerwatch'd, and wearied too
 Nature was much desirous of some rest,
 Which gaue them oportunitie to do
 What they desir'd, for being with sleepe oppress,
 They Clapt a massie table on my brest.
 And with great weight so kept me downe withall,
 That breath I could not, much lesse crie or call.

K 3

And

To

579

And then into my fundament they thrust,
 A little horne, as I did groueling lie:
 And that my violent death might shun mistrust,
 Through the same horne a red hot Spit, whereby,
 They made my gutts and bowells for to fric,
 And so continu'd, till at last they found,
 That I was dead, yet seem'd to haue no wound.

580

And heere I pitch the pillars of my paine,
 Now, *Ne plus ultra* shall my posie be.
 And thou which hast describ'd my tragick raigne,
 Let this at least giue some content to thee,
 That from disastrous fortunes none are free.
 Now take the worke out of the Loom againe,
 And tell the world, that all the world is vaine.

FINIS.

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